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**THE NATIONAL**

# Insider

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**SPECIAL  
WEEKLY  
FEATURE**

**15¢**

**Vol. 13, No. 25—Dec. 15, 1968**

**Exposed— The Latest “Art” Trend**

# HIPPIE SEX COMICS



**Black  
Cops In  
Trouble!**

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**England's  
George  
Wallace!**

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# HUNTER'S HOLLYWOOD

Hard as this may be to believe, JOSE FELICIANO, the soul singer who began art that wild rendition of the "Rat Spangled Banner" during the World Series, has been embracing MARVIN GAYE's version of a Gays note it plays in the fourth game. Gaye is as P.O.'d as Jose that he's challenged the blind Mexican to a soul rock contest in Detroit's Briggs Stadium. The Tiger management is seriously considering it—and won't it be a pleasure to see the D.A.R. picking the Hispanics instead of the other way around...

Talk about big returns: you know the total outlay Plantation Records put out for JEANIE C. RILEY's "Surfer Valley P.T.A." A mere \$300? The record has already grossed \$400,000... Not a bad return, eh?

According to our friends in Detroit, ARISTOTELE ONASSIS shelled out plenty to get MARIA



Santa Berger

CALLAS out of his hair once he decided to marry JACKIE KENNEDY. Like several other girls was a \$10,000,000 residence...

SUNSHINE YORK is stealing the crew's attention from JANE FONDA on the set of "They Shot Me Down, Don't They?"—and is Jane ever nervous? She's supposedly vowed to come across to sexy art screen that the audience will thank Jane as a beauty!

Shaped all that just about the STEVE BOYD-BRIGITTE BAROOT romance being just a passing fancy. BO has really gone age over him, and what BO wants, BO gets. And what he wants now is for Boyd to become Baby Number Five. As for GUNTHER SACHS, Number Five, he confirms that he's only too happy to finally get rid of her. After all, having your wife brag about her affairs to every reporter without exception doesn't really help your ego...

There's a lot of talk that DAVID BRINKLEY is the reason for the upcoming BETTY SACALL-JASON ROBARDS split... and we thought all he listed was politics! Who knows? Before long, CHET HUNTLEY may not be the only person saying "Goodnight, David"...

SMO, ROODY McDOWELL has been seen in public with JANICE KULS, but it's not what these half-mad miscreants would have have you believe. In fact, Roddy took her out only because baby BEN GAZARRA couldn't make it, and actually asked Roddy to fill in for him...

The PETER SELLERS-ORSON WELLES feud is still smoldering, even though Pete has vowed never to appear with Orson again...

The word is out that WARREN BEATTY, impressed with DAVID MERRICK's success with an all-Negro cast for "Hello, Dolly," is going to follow up his phenomenal "Beast & Clyde" success with an all-Negro version of the same film. According to Warren, JIM BROWN and OJAHANN CARROLL will costar...

NO, PETER OTTOLE hasn't got a thing for PETULA CLARK, in fact, after all those weeks of writing so closely together, he doesn't really like her...

Rock, stand old England finally agreed to publish an edition of "Candy" to coincide with the movie's release—but not until TERRY SOUTHERN out about some kindred pages out of the red-hot sex volume...



Diana Rigg

KIER COLLIER and SENTA BERGER are a hell of a hot twosome on the set of "De Sade," and old it too... The same, unfortunately, can be said of JEAN SEDER and CLINT EASTWOOD...

From all we hear, GEORGE LAZERNY will make an even better 007 than SEAN CONNERY. And whenever happened to SIMON DAKES, who was 007 for about six weeks but was canned before ever filming a scene? Incidentally, for those of you who have been wondering whenever happens to OLIVIA (Emma Peel) RIGGS, she's also in the latest Bond flick, "On Her Majesty's Secret Service." In the book, Bond got married, though his wife was murdered in the last chapter. Could it be that Diana will be the short-lived Miss 007? If so, we'll agree that Bond couldn't have picked a better female partner...

MIKE POLLARD won't tell as a word about his latest, "The Strangers," but the book is a honest chronicle of pornography, and if we knew Pollard, he would probably do the book justice.

The biggest new star on the horizon is OTIS YOUNG of "The Fat Cats." As one Negro TV fan commented, "It's nice to see one of us shooting some of you for a change!"

FAYE DUNAWAY may have slipped for KIRK DOUGLAS, but Kirk, a happily married family man, isn't baring any...

Network owners are already getting upset warnings about ANN MARGRET's TV special. Some show!

Glad to hear that BILLY DANIELS recovered quickly from that attempted knife murder in Manhattan the other week...

# Caine To Led, Girls Cry!

By SKIP HUDSON

Yeah, I know, he's the playboy of the western world, the only cocksman to make Warren Beatty, Frank Sinatra and Aristotle Onassis seem like high school juniors.

He's the man who has been married once in marriage and would he'd never get married again.

And he's the man with the stuff to make that vow stick.

Michael Caine has more women than he knows what to do with. Every town he hits, he has at least half a dozen girls he knows who are just waiting to drop everything for a night on the town just on the hell with him.

And for those hell does he knows, there are about 33,000 more who would drop everything just to know about him and woo him at the feet of the one and only Michael Caine.

Why?

## Real Man

Because Michael Caine is a real man. Any girl who has dated him will attest to that, over and over and over.

What's more, he has so much to go with his natural attributes.

First, he's rich. Really over 30, he's a millionaire many times over.



Jonica Rule

ABC has gotten so many letters, pro and con, over having GORE VIDAL, the screening liberal and WILLIAM BUCKLEY, the screening conservative, doing their own night commentary, that the network is thinking of offering them TV time for a series of debates...



Michael Caine

Second, he's intelligent. Mike he's just a ham-ham-thank-you-kind-of guy. He likes a girl who can talk—about not he bad.

Third, Michael Caine knows how to treat a woman.

I don't mean only in the sheets, but at dinner, at the beach, every where. He likes women and they love him.

And he wanted to keep on enjoying them, without any one permanent girl getting in the way.

That was before he met Diana, the European beauty who had what no other girl he met had ever had. No, it wasn't physical.

## Longest Nipples

To be honest about it, Mike has gone with the girl who had the longest nipples in Europe and another woman who had an even a few feet lower than was even more unusual.

He has gone with every size, shape and color of woman.

But Diana was different. She didn't give a damn that he was Michael Caine.

You don't realize what that means to a big star who is constantly judged by his screen and public image.

Even when Mike dated Julia Christie and Barbara Parkes, they treated him like a star. He didn't like it, though he loved them.

But from the moment he began dating Diana last September, he had a different glow in his eye. He bought her an engagement ring Tuesday and by the time you read this they may be married.

No one thought it could ever be done, but this 34-23-35 slip of a girl may have trapped the biggest catch since Frank Sinatra.

# Can You Spot The Differences? Insider



There are 10 differences between the two drawings. Think you can spot them? Give it a try and then check the answers on page 18.



## THE NATIONAL

Vol. 13, No. 25—Dec. 15, 1968  
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# Notes From The UNDERGROUND



An average hippie kid.



A beauty of a flower child.



Hippies having a sidewalk lunch.

## They're Singing-

# 'Sexual Freedom League—Where Are You?'

By JULIUS COOPER

From every mountain, sea and shore, you can hear them singing, "Sexual Freedom League, where are you?"

This is the tempo of persons still interested in the rapidly changing scene of free love. They have found the bedroom bunnies of the unique group becoming crowded with togetherness.

Death is taking its toll of the Sexual Freedom League. This once proud organization of lovers is now feeling the pangs and aches of old age and a society that no longer wants to share its amorous events with the rest of the world.

The happy-go-lucky bunch of open minded lovers, the Sexual Freedom League, has dwindled to a life few outsiders. There are no longer the roost parties and sex-filled nights of lust that once was the trademark of this bare bottom clan.

### New Image

All of this has been replaced. The type of the sexual act has vanished like the buffalo of the plains. There is no longer the cry for organ. This is all something of the past—and so is the Sexual Freedom League.

The Underground movement has taken on a new image, coupled with a new feeling of belonging. This belonging has more than involved itself with the boy and girl who just began to seek each other.

The Sexual Freedom League for the most part was composed of the older set of Underground persons.



Doing their thing with a guitar.

not. It was heavily with this group that the league flourished during the early years of the movement.

It must be pointed out that the older leaguers were mostly sexual thrill seekers. The new arrivals, however, the bored husband and the glum wife would be here to the core of the organization.

But even though were sympathetic and tolerant with their society. This is what happened

with league members who became disenchanted with weekend after weekend of sex, sex and more sex.

Every occupation has its hardships, and sex has none. A great deal of the active members of the sexual cult found themselves paying weekly visits to the clinic for some malpractice involving the sex organs. On top of this, there was always the fear that Johnny Rich would come along and burn the act.

There are many other reasons why the Sexual Freedom League is dying. The most important is that many of the men had to get just one bed partner in order to avoid the draft.

Blasphemy became a deathly threat to maintain their husbands because of the possibility of VD. Housewives had the same fear, and soon both dropped from the rank and file of the sex free club.

### Sad Tears

There is little doubt that the Underground will miss the Sexual Freedom League. It was first the sex oriented group of romantics that the ranks of the Underground movement enlarged last. With the departure of the leaguers, life will be a little lessens for those that remain.

Whatever happens is the remaining threads of the league is still uncertain. There will be less sex involved in the movement and a call is out for a return to the principles of the Underground—war with the Establishment.

The league was born in New York City and later wandered out west where it made its home in San Francisco. It will be out in sunny California where they'll bury the league with tears and goodbyes.

The league could serve as a lesson to the Underground. The sickness that engulfed the league is one of overindulgence. There was just too much sex, and not enough work in the direction of the movement's goals.

One hippie remarked, "The league is really gone. We don't need this type of called movement. Of course, there will always be the guy who spreads venereal disease and makes the girl sick—hoping someone will slip and start the show."

Most members of the Underground consider the league a drag. They base their opinion is that the league only takes part in the movement when there's an opportunity that it can be turned into sex.

The Underground won't take a holiday from its duties of beating the Establishment to almost the funeral of the league. But many a night will pass when some of its older members of the movement will look back in fond memory about the early days.

The diehards who remain behind will eventually wind up in wife swapping clubs or advertising in magazines for custom to swing with. It will be a sad scene compared to the days gone by.

### New Groups

There will emerge many groups trying to take the place of the league. Some are under formation now, and it seems that they can't get started in the right sexual direction. The groups exist along at the worst time to really take part in the Underground.

They'll sing many and songs for the league, because it and damn it, but they'll all be told that this group of sex friends has vanished from the movement.

The league really served no useful purpose to the Underground movement. It was just a boy sitting on the fence waiting for extra little hands to come and play with it. Now the waiting is over—the boy is busted and forgotten.

The journey has been a lengthy one. It has involved many roads and found many passengers into the sexual act. It has lived well in the luxury apartments and the room flats—but all of this is now in the past.

The league is dead and may rest in peace—never to rise again.



The "pause that refreshes" finds Viva, Tom Hoppertz and Taylor Mead reposing in the hey. Louis Waldon and Hoppertz together in one of the scenes in "Lonesome Cowboys."

## Warhol's 'Lonesome Cowboys'

# IS A NEW SEX-SHOCKER!

BY FRANK NATHALIO

And Warhol does it again—Andy that is.

We're referring to his latest picture "Lonesome Cowboys" which was shown at the San Francisco International Film Festival.

It was the first full-length feature Underground film ever to be shown at the annual event.

And the festival really picked a "hot" one to sock to the Bay Area residents.

Festivalgoers who thought "Night Games" was way out, now realize it doesn't even come close in "sex shockness" to the audience as "Lonesome Cowboys."

As a matter of fact one critic of the film—John L. Wasserman—commented that if "Night Games" never put Shirley Temple into Congress, Warhol's "Lonesome Cowboys" would have put her into the Presidency Or, the latter isn't.

There is nothing about "Lonesome Cowboys" that would surprise anyone familiar with either the current taste of underground films, or the experience of the experimental film genre in general.

But, those categories are not the sort of most film festival de-



A closeup of one of Andy Warhol's luminaries, Tom Hoppertz.

vices and "Lonesome Cowboys" must have given them something to think about.

The truly incredible thing about Warhol's latest film is that it is, in a conventional sense, a so-called flick. Warhol's devotees would be hardpressed to agree, but his past output has been in a very special realm of behavior which turns on a few and turn off many.

But, "Lonesome Cowboys" ranks a giant turn around for the non-

pation artist from New York City, who calls his office "The Factory."

### Western Satire

There is a plot, of sorts, editing of sorts, looping of sorts, an authentic location other than the Factory and a shooting schedule that ran an unprecedented four days.

"Lonesome Cowboys" is a mass effluent and very funny satire of the American Western that is liberally seasoned with one's favorite 4, 5, 10 and 15-dollar words and a concoction of nudity and sexual corruption that is—in combination—perhaps unprecedented. But, worthy as are the latter considerations for cocktail party conversation, the satire is what comes first in the film.

To describe the story is an exercise in futility but basically it involves the invasion of a small Arizona town (population three) by five vicious cowpokes who practice bullet exercises at the old "bar-chin" pool and have city distinctions on the minute of minutes by one of their number.

The trembling sheriff, who a few days earlier had been tied in a lacy bag and thrown in the river by the James boys, spends the best part of his time trying to new ways for his drag initiation of Peckinpah.

### Viva, The Virgin

This leaves defense of the town



Joe D'Alessandro and Hoppertz take a break during the shooting of "Lonesome Cowboys."

to Taylor Mead and Viva—two noted underground film luminaries.

Mead, when he is not doing the Lope Velez Twist, is apparently the preacher and body guard for Viva, a Roman Catholic Virgin.

From that point on, the characters become increasingly enmeshed in the actual personalities of the actors.

Along the way, Warhol with an religious, the human myth, heterosexual gameplaying, beautiful advertising, sincerity of the female and the ritual of man to accept our national heritage that Robert Ardrey ("African Genesis" et al) and Michael McClure ("The Beard") express in different words.

Warhol also shows the first pas-

sage to be filmed in his films.

Not only does he cut a scene within a tolerable period after it runs its course, but as the repetition of Western clothes begin to pale, he permits the actors of the film to become almost serious—in terms of human relations—while never abandoning his black comedy.

Mead, who is stoned most of the time, and Viva are magnificent caricatures and the rest of the cast is not far behind.

Tom Hoppertz, Eric Emerson, Joe D'Alessandro, Julius Runnells, and Louis Waldon comprise the balance of the merry pranksters.

Many people will find the picture slightly too much for their taste, but that's their problem. It is good enough to be judged on the merits and is, at least for now, by far the best film Warhol has ever made.

BUNION

By Martin



# The World We Live In...

# Disgraced Black Cops and Their Problems!

"The World We Live In" is a regular column of THE NATIONAL INSIDER. Its author is the nationally known Black journalist, Frank Santos, who has often written contributed to this paper on things of significance to our times.—Editor's note

BY FRANK SANTOS

Black policemen throughout the United States are anguished men. They have been asked to choose sides, both by their white colleagues and by black militants.

Apparently, law enforcement is apacetic, but reality does make its demands.

"You're like a displaced person in the black community; you're 'the most' and not to be trusted. And yet the white community doesn't trust me, either."

That's from a black policeman whose beat is in Boston.

His remarks were echoed by his best friend and a fellow police officer who added, "During the racial disturbances in Roxbury this past year, white policemen asked us, 'whose side are you on?'"

The officer, who didn't want to reveal his name to the public, is 36 years old and has been on the Boston police force several years.

He was a beat officer for a couple of years and most recently handled community relations problems involving blacks. Prior to joining the police force he was an air policeman in the Air Force.

The officer has a buddy who lives in San Francisco, also a police officer and a member of the APOA—the Allied Police Officers Association—an all-black organization in the Golden Gate City.

APOA was set up in November, 1966, to deal with the special problems of black law enforcement agents.

Today its 40 members include guards, highway patrolmen, Contra Costa and Alameda County sheriff's deputies, Richmond, Oakland, and San Francisco policemen, University of California at Berkeley and Cal-State at Hayward campus policemen, and two attorneys.

## Black Vs. Black

The officer often wishes he was back in the Bay Area where they have formed another black organization—Officers for Justice. The officer says that there are 82 black policemen on the San Francisco force and about 110 in the entire Bay Area on the law enforcement forces which totals more than 2,700 men.

He didn't indicate as to how many black men work up the Boston force although "there are lots here."

He wishes they had a similar organization in Boston. He has some pretty definite ideas on the Boston police force. He said:

"This support for black violators by the people in the black community has got to stop. After all, most crimes committed by

black people are against black people."

But attitudes are not mellowing in the ghetto.

The black officer rounds the corner. He spots several street casual greetings. He initiates and expects their flat response of "Uncle Tom," this time they shout, "Hey, Thomas!"

## 'We're Pigs'

The officer waddles. He drives on. At a through intersection two small black cars are standing apacetically at the curve as cars pass past.

No stops.

"Okay, little girls, come on and cross." They move reluctantly.

Once on the other side, they wave and say:

"Thank you, pig."

The officer stores.

In New Haven, Conn., another black officer drives along Dorset Street. He hears a loud roar, "Uncle Tom Mother..."

He backs up to his officers and

his views as a kind of a test.

"How do you feel about the right to demonstrate?" they ask him.

On the question of welfare, he finds that most white policemen are "right wing."

## 'I'm Cop First'

There is a spotlight, he says, on the black policeman to see if his loyalty is to his people first or if he is a cop in his heart.

"I think both these things are one fold, to uphold the rights of anyone, black or white," but he shrugs as if he knows his view may be inconsequential.

Another black officer, who also didn't wish to be identified, said that for more than 13 years on the force he had never been allowed to forget that he was black first and a policeman second.

"Now suddenly they're telling me that I'm a cop first. Now, now, now, Jack, you're trying to mess up my mind," he says speaking in an exasperated admonition.

This same officer said that many black youngsters had asked him in his early years how they could join the force, but "black black protest has asked me about joining the force during the last 10 years."

Many other black officers in the New England area report the lack of enthusiasm about joining the police force. It is a fact that despite recruitment drives, not many black men come forward to be policemen.

What are these men like who



Scenes like this are common these days, but rarely is it the other way around—black police officers carrying off white demonstrators.

means nothing, just like nigger."

And the black policeman's partners in riot control is a bloody point for many black officers.

## Act Tough

One said: "It's a riot situation, you see things done by white officers that

I wonder if he is some councilman's son or just who he is? But with a black guy I'm more across. I tell him the councilman to straighten himself up," said one black policeman who has arrested many whites.

Some black officers side with white policemen in their demands for higher law enforcement.

"I'm against capital punishment except in the taking of life of a law enforcement officer in the first degree," said a Boston officer.

"I don't believe anyone has the right to resist even an unlawful arrest. That could be used as the excuse in any arrest, said a New Haven policeman.

Though there is a distinct pessimism about the future of the race struggle, many black officers believe their departments are attempting to make a painful change to a new concept of law enforcement in the black community.

Personal relationships between certain black and white policemen have improved drastically.

Said one black policeman: "Some white officers are beautiful."

We wouldn't go so far as to say that, but there has been a major change over the attitudes of both black and white officers, especially in northern areas.

Perhaps, that is what haunts about the changing-black officers seeing their black brothers suffering.

But whatever the case there is still a long ways to go.

"... This support for black violators by the people in the black community has got to stop. After all, most crimes committed by black people are against black people..."

asked, "Do you have dignity? You said this in front of your mothers and other women. How can the police respect you when you set this way?"

The officer has been on the New Haven police force for a couple of years. He says that black policemen are on the fence.

Pressures from the black community and police attitudes have contributed to this, he believes. Like other black policemen, he is aware of unexpressed incidents between white and black officers.

The officers recall the time when a black officer intervened in the looking of a black man when he saw two white officers using what he thought was unnecessary force.

Now do the two officers feel about the creation of black officers' associations?

Neither one is too keen on the idea.

The New Haven officer feels that the creation of a black police officers' association will polarize racial feelings in the department. Already white officers ask him

have some forward? Are they power-driven? Are they mediators? Are they defenders of the status quo?

Some appear to be authoritarian, some mediators and still others want to help maintain the present order. Some seem to be a curious mixture of all three.

But the rule out said for them at this time seems to be that of balance officer. It has left many emotionally displaced. They are expected to be everything to everyone and nothing objectionable is exposed.

However, the handful of black officers who have served since before the Civil Rights movement struck may not have let themselves become caught up in the mounting struggle.

Here's what another black officer has to say about the "black's": "I haven't experienced any problems. I've never had a bad moment. I'm not a civil rights demonstrator, and I don't participate in any of these springings."

"As far as being called an Uncle Tom, it's just another word, it

aren't right. This is their chance to get away with something; otherwise we set out to fear."

A central demand by militants in the larger cities throughout the country is for black policemen in black communities. One black policeman doubts their sincerity.

"When we're there, they seem to us warm. I think they're just blowing."

Militants say that's because afraid the present system the black policeman's loyalty is with "down town," not with the black community.

"You are a black person being abused. You can't side with him and you can't let the incident go unmentioned. What do you do? Whatever you do is wrong."

But if many feel that white policemen are unconsciously racist with black people, they themselves usually defer when dealing with a white suspect.

"If I'm talking with a white kid,

(Due to the universal nature of this subject we realize there are no generalizations. Thus the National Insider does not necessarily endorse the "Secret Seven.")



# Shocking Sex Rackets

# THE "SPANK" ALBUM AND BOOK!

By RICHARD HARTLEY

Masochists crave their spanking and are willing to pay a pretty penny for blushing bottoms.

Aware of masochistic delights, sex racketeers have moved in with a special series of books, one appropriately entitled "Spank Me."

The sex purveyors know that there's an entire cult of men and women who have never enjoyed a feeling of need for the paddle, the whip, or the flat of the hand applied to the backside. And they have capitalized on it.

## "Strapping Lady"

Call them The Spankers. They refer to their fetish as "erotic discipline." In surreptitious sex publications, their classified personal ads, ask for a "spanking lady," or offer a "spanking good time." Most advertise their "masochistic services" and willingness to undergo "strict training."

The Spankers enjoy a milder form of sadism and masochism than do the people who go in for bullwhips, leather bondage, and torture.

What is so shocking is that spanking is so widespread. Men who enjoy paddling their wives have even written in to daily newspaper advice columns, recommending the practice to other readers. From the response that their letters have received, there must exist a Spankers Underground of considerable proportions.

Sex racketeers, pandering to paddling fetishists, in "Spank Me" say:

"... I have to take off everything except my panties and bra, including my shoes and stockings, and kneel on a chair, bending over the back and holding on with my hands while she slaps my bottom and bare legs about 40 times with her hand... Then I go over her top for 30 spansks with the hairbrush over my panties.

"By then I'm really crying, but the worst is yet to come. I have to lower my panties, admit my naughtiness and that I deserve what's coming and kneel down over a big hassel in the living room with my bottom well up while Mom uses the strap about 20 to 25 spans on my bare red seat.

"Sometimes it hurts so much that I can't breathe and then I get extra spansks with the strap over the backs of my thighs."

The above is the so-called "true experience" of an 18-year-old girl who is paddled regularly by her mother. "This is the kind of scene the Spanker loves to read himself or herself into."

## Spanking Clothes

There are refinements of the spanking ritual specially designed to entice paddling fans. Public institutions and "spanking clubs" are chief among them.

"Spank Me" contains the alleged testimony of an English gentleman who comes to America to care for the young girls. She introduces a new form of clothing to put those catatonic masochists in their places.

"I bought several pairs of rubber panties," recounts the "gentleman." "Each girl must have two or three pairs of these rubber panties on her own skin when I came around to punishment time. 'Now I was ready to go to work,

With a pair of scissors I cut out patches over the area where the buttocks were covered in such a way that each buttock would be exposed in the shape of a numerical figure."

"On the left cheek, for instance, I cut out the figure 77, and on the right I cut out a 44. Thus the figure 77 appeared across the bottom of the rubber panties—the bare skin would show through the figure 77. Most amusing that was the number of strokes the girl would receive."

For some spanking fun, apparently, the sight of flesh closely bound in rubber panties gives the paddling an added sex charge. Others get an extra kick from the handling of the victim by watching the punishment.

"... June entered the room, and in a rather indecent pair of long red stockings... At the sound of my laughter, she looked even more embarrassed than she had when she entered the room and saw me sitting there."

"At this point, he misinterpreted the back flap of the girdle and lowered it, exposing a well-endowed bottom, and in very short order, after about three or four blows, June's bottom (as seen through sheer nylon) began to blush. She was still sitting as the spanking continued to fall in even, measured strokes. Howard alternated his strokes—first one cheek, then the other till the flaming kiss of the instrument."

But even women (having a third person watch) isn't enough for some spanking devotees. Nothing less than double severity can bring them their warped satisfaction.

"Dosen, Rover! He commanded and I fell on my hands and knees trembling with pleasure and excitement. Grant went to me. Rover, he ordered imperiously. I crawled on all fours toward her. 'Stay!' she commanded, and like an obedient, well-trained dog, Rover, at whatever she wished to make of me, I dashed immediately. She now knew for certain that she had me set perfectly. I was also getting a heady, nervous pleasure at being her plaything."

The dog man is forced by his 15-year-old girlfriend to lie flat on his back, on his side and leg. Finally, she pretends to "suggested" dog collar with a metal chain leash attached. She quickly placed the collar on my neck and then then she noticed the short riding crop that had tucked beneath her arm. She looked sternly at me, satisfied as she did and lashed my buttocks with the leather riding crop...

## Her Trained Dog

"Would you like something to eat, Rover?" she asked. To my amazement, she placed a bowl and dog dish on the floor, putting out a saucer as she did. Finally, Rover, I groined at the bits of meat and lapped water from the bowl as she looked down at me with a cruelly satisfied gleam in her eye."

The supposed writer of this pseudo-"personal experience" signs himself "Wall Trained Dog."

"Spank Me" advertises on its cover, that it is a "photo album," with "25 action photos." Most of the word pictures—no pay an incredible \$5 for this little book—will probably get the idea that they've been spanked in the head. The photos are all extremely erotic, the small inside pages. They're tiny, scrawny reproductions, and look like they were taken by a child's eye camera in a "pook" light. And they're even "pooking" pictures!

The "photo album" is entirely made up of bondage photos. They show girls tied up on chairs, beds, and floors. No paddles, whips, "spanking clothes" or spankers are shown.

This could hardly be expected to appeal to the Spankers with their visions of "red buttocks" facing the "flaming kiss" of the paddle.

## Join The Lash Set

There is one picture, however, which is much more pertinent than any other in "Spank Me." It's a full page shot of a girl in a string halter and exotic fishnet lingerie. She wears the "imperial crown" hairstyle by man-childs—those who wish to have pain inflicted on them. She's wearing a long bellows, and she's spanking herself down at the advertisement.

"Have exciting books—Complete catalog, 21-Flag Publications"—and then the address in San Diego, Calif.

To the tormented mind of the men who want to be spanked, the name is to be feared. Here's your chance, too, to move up in the big leagues! Forget your fly-swatter and rolled-up newspapers. Come and join the Lash Set.

The very name "Flag Publications" is a cry which is the direction of the masochist. Anyone who reads these periodicals will recognize the "flag" is a contraction of "Flagellate"—no orange, that, uh, uh.

One would think that—after he has played through 40 pages of lurid prose—after he has been shocked on the promise of a "photo album"—that even the casual-bonded Spanker wouldn't gamble another dime on "Flag Publications."

Unfortunately, not will he'll squander his money, get shocked, and squander his money again just to find pictures or text which will titillate him.

Nobody knows this better than the vast plethora of the sex racket. It represents the most perversion, or a last that hasn't been cooked in an act, yet will proceed to represent the most such as "Spank Me" film, plastic cards, photographs, hi-fis—records—all these media have been used by the racketeers to get rich at people's sick desires.

The most ludicrous passage in the book is one scrawled printed onto the back.

"This publication is solely for



Scene from "Spank Me."

the effiliation of those interested in learning more about psychological aspects of corporal punishment."

Maybe a judge and jury would believe the gentle family, if the book came to trial. Not the Spanker who buys it. To him, it's a mere light signal that what's inside is "hot stuff," bound to please.

The title and price on the front cover, and the name "Flag Publications," are printed in the same unattractive black ink.

They're stamped over the glossy cover photos of half-naked girls in "spanking" positions. This format lures the uneducated reader to the speculation that the title, price, and publisher were stamped on after the rest of the book was printed. This is another old trick of the sex racketeers.

Let's say one wants to test 50,000 copies of a particularly "hot" book. But—if one prints them up and the cops tested them after

having sold only 10,000 copies—one would lose his shirt.

But let's say you print them up without a title—without a price—and without the name of the company. Later one straps 10,000 covers "Nick of Sin" at \$4 and published by the XYZ company. The law grabs the book and bans it from the stands, or the mails. But by this time 10,000 copies have been sold. The next 10,000 copies of the same book has stamped on the cover: "Do, of Sin, \$5, published by the ABC Company."

One still be able to sell some 50,000 books—and the courts never catch on, or so the sex racketeers think.

Companies that publish books like "Spank Me" aren't trying to build up return trade. They're trying to make a quick buck, before the authorities catch up with them. If they last enough, they're able to get considerably more than a few spansks on the backside.



## INSIDER'S NUDE MOVIE REVIEW

## ★ SHE MOB ★



Three strapping members of the mob.



Our hero, in drag, gets dragged.



She'll teach a lesson!

God pity the poor male who comes calling on the She Mob.

They're rough. They're tough. The Bitch is ugly as sin.

But can they cripple? Like they say in the popular song—"Take it off, take it off, is all you can hear."

Except that they don't "take it off" themselves.

They don't have to. It's already off. The four young ladies in the She Mob are already down to their fancy undies when the action begins.

They "take it off" the unlucky man who comes calling on them.

Ordinarily, you would think that a sex sensation with four well-endowed chicks would be quite pleasurable. Romping with unblinded dames, clad only in their fingers—sounds like a real blast, doesn't it?

Just try it sometime—with the She Mob. Best of luck to you.

We hope you have a little better fortune than the poor fellow in this movie—"She Mob."

This boy's very first gender at what's in store for him is not pleasant. Here's this doll that looks like a cross between Wanda the Witch and the Beast of Buchenwald.

She packs a rod-sawed-off shotgun, to be specific—and she's bawling the entranceway to the She Mob's hideout.

She's not exactly dressed like a seamy, however. She's wearing a science-fiction type black vinyl suit. Shiny black boots reach almost to her waist. Her micro-micro skirt leaves little to the imagination.

What isn't left to the imagination is pretty disgusting. Her body looks like it's been through three world wars. If she's got anymore swinging in her, she'll be doing it on her Medicare payments.

She can't even afford a proper bra. She has to make do with a couple of old plastic funnels.

There's plenty of action already going on inside the house. A blond and a brunette are busy making torrid love on the sofa—without benefit of a

man. Matter of fact, from the way they're going at it, it looks like a man would definitely be considered an intruder.

They start out dressed in blouses, skirts, hose, pasties, and garters. Before long, they're dispensed with the first two items mentioned.

Meanwhile, another blonde, with a boyish hairdo and a two-piece polka-dot outfit, discovers that she can do much, much better in nothing but pasties and black fishnet stockings.

Ah! A man has dared to enter the private preserve of their saprophytic love, has he? He's got to be taught a lesson!

And what a lesson! He's seized. He's stripped to the waist. Then, he has to kneel before the almighty ruler of the She Mob—our gal with the plastic helmet. While he grovels at her feet, the brunette grabs a lash and lays it on him with a will.

Our hero not only loses his clothes—he loses several layers of skin as well!

The poor fellow passes out. Now, the forelorn four have him right where they want him. He is stripped of his clothing. Then—the grand finale!

It turns out that the chick with the bitch cut didn't peel for nothing. Her black bra, pasties, and sheer hose are quickly slipped onto the young man's unconscious form.

As we last see the unfortunate victim, he's in drag and being dragged. The She Mob is hauling him across their dirty floor to the linoleum couch, where he will suffer further indignities at their merciless hands.

If the She Mob is looking for a torture that's really unbearable, they might try running a print of this flick for their victim. If ever there was a picture to make you writhe in agony, it isn't *Dracula*—it isn't *King Kong*.

It's this abomination. Properly speaking, it's not a Nude Movie at all. It's a bondage and torture pic, plain and simple. It will appeal only

to those who get their vicarious kicks from looking at scenes of torture.

If you like your nude movies with plenty of gorgeous girls—period—forget it.

The four dolls in the She Mob never do get down to brass tacks. "She Mob" shows a lot of their black lace underwear—and some people get a charge out of that stuff. But you won't see these gals in the natural.

Matter of fact, there is very little that's natural about this picture. It's a damned good one to say a way from.

In the past, we've given some nude films some very generous reviews. We tend to give generous reviews to films that are generous—with ample footage of, amply endowed young ladies.

But there's a limit to our generosity. We dig nude flicks as well as the next normal man. Our glands are in perfect working order. But we draw the line at "She Mob."

Come on, Nuth Studios. Let's have less whipping and more strapping!



Can't afford a bra?



He grovels at the feet of the leader.



Torrid love—without a man.

# Father And Son Debate The Black Generation Gap...

BY ANDRE SANTOS

This is the second in a series of articles prepared by Frank Santos and his son, Andre, concerning the black generation gap that apparently exists between today's black father and his school-age son. Andre, a recent high school graduate, is a freshman at Howard University in Washington, D.C.—Editor.

Dear Dad:

By the looks of your letter, there definitely is a generation gap between the black youth and his father. With the exception of the word black there is so common denotation in our dialog.

Listen! We don't say keep whitely out of our lives. We know that this is an impossibility because they do outnumber the black man. What we do say is that we want to make black people so strong that they can do their thing—whatever their thing may be—by themselves.

You talk about not being able to attain black teachers or black administrators. That's not set. There are countless numbers of black teachers coming out of colleges these days just anxious to teach, but for one reason or another are unable to get the teaching position of their choice in a given city.

## Cities Chicago

Take the city where your office is located—Chicago. I happen to know that the Establishment makes it very difficult for a black teacher to obtain a permanent status in the school system. There's one black teacher I know who is working on his doctoral degree but because he didn't pass some stupid test given by the system he couldn't get a job so a permanent teacher. Ironically he is paid enough to be a "full-time" temporary teacher. That's the white man's justice.

Whitely is always telling the black man what he should or shouldn't do. It is always a case of "where, when, who, how," unless one considers "you do as I say" the word. All we as black youths want is a start. As blacks we want to control our lives and activities. This we want more than anything else. If we make a mistake, so be it. But

they are black mistakes and that's the way it should be. We are simply tired of white mistakes in our lives.

Regarding separation. You say this is wrong! From your school of thought perhaps it is, but not from the black youth's view. Maybe I should temper my point here and say this: "we must put off integration until the blacks have pulled back into the ghetto, and developed economic and political strength." We say this because the black man has to compete from a position of strength not weakness if he is to "overcome."

But in reality black youths don't even want eventual integration. Why should they? When it was "achieved" by people of your generation did it really help? Of course not. You still have the same problems—where to go, whom to associate with, trying to make as much money as, your white counterparts and be equal, progress on the socio-economic scale.

## Another World

The black adult—especially those of the middle class—are living in another world. Yes, they may be aware of black consciousness, or so you say. But are they really?

If they were then they would get off their "diff" and get into the mainstream of things, instead of being comfortably ensconced in their own little worlds. They have to get out and help the black youth fight. If they are afraid that they will jeopardize their standing in the white community—whatever that might be—at least they could offer moral support. Words of encouragement help, believe me.

Look at the NAACP (National Association for the Advancement of Colored People). They are out of tune with the times. Their concentration on legislative American system-oriented battles is no longer realistic to the needs of the black community.

Here again, we black youths understand the problem. The age of their leader Mr. (Roy) Wilkins

certainly indicates he doesn't know what is happening among the youth of today. How could he? When is the last time he even asked what it was they wanted?

## Young Turks

The best example of the blind in the actions of the NAACP was displayed in their treatment of the Young Turks (the youth of the civil rights organization), during their national convention last summer. In simple language The Turks were ignored. They shouldn't have been!

That but about the laws of this country allowing us to speak out borders the ridiculous. This is something one can't disagree with. However, they are also applicable to whiteness. How many of them go along with the program?

To tell me the above doesn't explain one thing. Nor does it right the wrong that the black man suffers today. There are black boys dying in Viet Nam there are black boys fighting in that far off land, thousands to be free. But that same black serviceman when he returns to this country still has to suffer the scorn and ridicule of the white man wherever he goes. Do you think that is right? I'll answer it for you: Of course not.

## Can't Wait

Sure, times will change. But we can't wait. We want them to change now. Let the white man find himself a new track bag. The black youth is not going to be their bang up. It may have been the case in days gone by, but not anymore. It is all over.

It is time that you and your fellow black adults get with it, or you will be trampled in the dust. We have become disenchanted with your attitudes of finding the solutions to the race problems of today in good time. That time has come and gone. You had your chance to handle it, but because of your dilatory, you fumbled the ball. It is ours now. We intend to win anyway necessary. The game may get rough before it gets better, but whitely made the rules many years ago.

Your Son

# ...In Separation's No Solution

Mr. Santos is a nationally-known black journalist and columnist for the *NATIONAL INSIDER*. Here he offers a rebuttal to his son's arguments relative to the black movement.—Editor

BY FRANK SANTOS

Your thinking is proving to be very perplexing to me these days. It is hard to conceive that a young man who has traveled throughout the world as extensively as you have could come up with such bitter thoughts.

No doubt the times have a great deal to do with your thinking. I certainly can't attribute it to your upbringing because my primary concern was to insure that you could take your rightful place in a fully integrated society on equal terms with your fellow man, be black or white.

Now you don't want integration. You literally want a world of your own. It simply won't work!

For centuries, anthropologists were generally in accord that the world was divided into the Negroid, Caucasian and Mongoloid races. The thinking became more pronounced as we entered the Twentieth Century. Its influence was felt during World War II when millions of people were put to death because they were regarded by the Germans and Japanese as "racially inferior."

This thinking is being rejected today. Internationally among the races has caused this change.

I know that race is supposed to be a culturally significant concept to the extent that people should feel there are racial differences. But this is an antiquated thesis.

It is indeed disturbing to see that black youths are placing so much emphasis on racial consciousness, especially since it is coming from what I consider intelligent people. You and the others are supposed to know better.

## Cultural Motions

Both black and white people, understandably, have old cultural notions of racial inferiority and superiority with which to grapple. And it is not surprising that we are encountering racial animosity in this country. Remember, the needs of racial hate were planted here a long time ago.

But it is disturbing to see black youths placing so much emphasis on a racial ideology that it has become a racial ideology, indicative of the Hitler era.

You have said that the black youth wants to promote black culture—as if such a thing as racial culture ever existed. Oh, yes, Hitler thought so.

Even more mandatory, you say, is to move toward a black-versus-white confrontation, the ultimate goal of today's racial politics—as if America did not have enough interracial conflict, already.

## Can't Live Alone

It is well-known that the individual can't live alone. He has to belong. We seem to think that black identity is the answer to this, therefore the black youth is calling for black people to identify with their own sub-culture in order to find their rightful place in life.

There is no doubt that sub-cultures are needed in this country to help civilize society and to establish identity. But I doubt whether they can be instituted along racial lines. Races simply are too large to be meaningful groupings.

Let me present this to you: "Racial identity being illusory, how does the black man find his identity in the United States?"

It will be hard for him to identify with a country that has oppressed him for hundreds of years. And being the only people whose national origins were destroyed upon coming to this country black Americans cannot accurately identify with one or another of the African countries—as the Irish, Poles, Italians identify with their native lands.

## Think Black

There is nothing wrong with thinking black and trying to achieve a sound base, but black cannot be beautiful without knowledge and money on its side.

The black adult may not be in step with the black youth's thinking but you can't rule him out. You have to keep in mind the black movement at all of its levels has not developed the integrity to serve the black masses, at least not as of this date.

When it does, it doesn't have to move into a world all of its own. It can exist in an integrated society. We—father and son—must advocate more integration at the level of jobs and gaining knowledge since it is felt by black youth that has not already been accomplished.

Keep in mind we need Uncle Tom's phrase—we need the educated, we need the stars, we need militants, we need the Young Turks, we need the politicians, we need community leaders, we need men in the corporate structure, and blacks in every higher level of life.

Black youth can't go it alone. To try it would mean disaster. Their thinking must be tempered. Racial disorders, in their varied forms, certainly are not the answer. There are many brilliant, thinking black youths among my militants. You are an good in this country's future in the years to come.

Think about it!

Your Dad



## Breaks Race Barrier—

# COSBY: MR. INFLUENCE!

By FRANK NATHALIO

Bill Cosby may be the most influential black man in the nation today.

This is not to minimize black politicians, civil rights leaders, athletes, black power advocates or other entertainers.

They are making strides, reducing racial barriers and fighting prejudice.

But Bill Cosby is something else. He is more visible than the others.

### Five Gold Albums

Having starred three years in a TV show, he has also cut five gold albums, has his own TV special and made hundreds of personal appearances.

More than that, Cosby is respected, admired and, most important of all, liked by white people in mass.

If a Caucasian finds himself able to like one black, it follows he is capable of liking and respecting many.

Blacks with racism destined for justice!

Cosby is no black Martin. He doesn't make speeches.

His toughness just rubs off on one through his wit, his dignity and pride.

Moreover, although he is not an activist leader, Cosby is respected and beloved by blacks.

In his own man, he knows where it's at.

Now that his video series, "I Spy," has left the air, Cosby—unlike many television stars—is not pushing the game button to maintain a fatigued career.

As a partner in Campbell, Silver, Cosby, Bill has more projects than he can handle.

"I'm sure our company will become one of the major corporations in the industry," Bill likes to say.

Cosby wears African-like cub fits. His hair is natural and he never always shows behind his glasses.

He has a soft-like grace, familiar to football fans at Temple University where he was a half-back.

"We're in all branches of entertainment—movies, television, records, night clubs and even radio."

"I've got a new television series coming up in 1970. It's my own idea about a detective who comes home. There is almost no brutality or violence in it. He could be married or single. Both have their advantages."

### Different Colors

"If he is married, it would give the viewers an opportunity to see what married black life is all about."

But then if he's single he could date a lot of chicks, and it could say a lot about the variations in color and pigmentation of Negroes.

"You know, some are very light-skinned like my beautiful wife. Others are brown like me. Some are almost blue black."

"Well, this detective could mix around with all of them. It could be something for black females to see and understand too."

Integration is never far from Cosby's mind.

In his organization Roy Silver and Bruce Campbell are the ones who take care of the businessmen. I just go out and work. I don't want to be involved in business.



Three faces of Bill Cosby, the entertainer.

### Hip Conversationalist

"Now in my work—television or movies—you will see black people and white people."

"If it's up to me, I want to interpret the project. That's the way I see things. That's what I believe in."

Cosby speaks in the vernacular of black America.

His conversation is liberally sprinkled with hip expressions.

His passion for his fellow blacks is evident in the paintings and sculptures in his office—Afro-American faces by black artists.

There is compassion in Cosby for whites, too.

There appears no room for hatred in the man. Rather, he is filled with making people laugh in the knowledge whom you laugh together they are able to work, play and weep together.

And that is a considerable contribution—Cosby's contribution.



Cosby at play in Harlem.

# Big Breasts Scare Men Stiff!

By PERRY MOTT

Does a well-starched chick scare you?

Do a pair of beautifully-formed breasts make you want to eat and run?

If so, don't worry. You're normal.

Men are terrified of women's mammaries, according to Dr. Daniel Cappel, a Toronto psychologist.

Some men are so petrified by looking at the forward thrust of a girl's bust line, that they will sweat with fear, according to Dr. Cappel.

Hard to believe as it may seem, there are men who get as shaky at the sight of a friend's nipples, as other men do at the sight of snakes, or at the thought of getting a shot in the arm with a needle.

### Sex Hang-Up

This nervous sexual hang-up will come as a big surprise to many self-styled men. If you think you are okay because you like to



Enough to scare any man.

gander at well-endowed young ladies, you had better think again.

According to Dr. Cappel, men merely say they admire the female breast. They fear it, because they see it as an aggressive attribute.

"The woman who has a thrusting, aggressive breast is a dominating type," the Doctor declares.

Large breasts have always been looked upon as a symbol of ultra-femininity. You have merely to look through the back of any

entertainment or movie magazine to see hundreds of ads for breast enlargement products. Creams, pills, inflatable bras, hormone treatments—even silicone injections—have been used by women to enlarge their bustline.

Big breasts are the only way to get a man—that is the message popularized by Hollywood, Madison Avenue, and the world of fashion.

Dr. Cappel commented on the busty girls who interrupted the luncheon routine in New York's financial district recently. They drew crowds of thousands of onlookers, male spectators, plus TV and movie cameras.

These men were moved by fear, not by lechery, Dr. Cappel's statement seems to imply.

### Aggressive Bust

"The bust that abuts Wall Street is a very aggressive bust."

Perhaps, Dr. Cappel has discovered a secret weapon with unlimited potential for waging war.



These can frighten.

A topless army of America's toughest girls could maintain American military superiority the world over—without bombs, napalm, chemical warfare or nerve gases.

All they'd have to do—according to this notion—would be to unbutton their weapons. The male soldier's natural fear would do the rest.

Sure we got the enemy troops out from under their oaks, we could keep them permanently immobilized—by leaving each of them a fat collection of men's magazines and song movies.



# Under Hollywood's Shirts by Rita Romaine

MARIA CALLAS has swoon off all men since ONASSIS dropped her like a hot potato for JACKIE KENNEDY, who was thought by everyone on the inside to be a very cool potato. But since Jackie has been seen in Onassis, she may have changed—so to a few readers like us. Gaudin is a man who can handle the fires hidden deep in every woman. In fact, we'll give you a soap. We think it was purely professional attraction that made Jackie marry Art. Obviously he isn't handsome, but none he makes her to you, you know what it's like to be made love to.

MIA Farrow continues to date older men, which shows us that she hasn't gotten over FRANK SINATRA as much as she says she has. Her latest heavy date is LEE MARVIN, though Lee says he's "just doing it for a friend." Doing what, Lee? Thank the question. With Mia you just don't have a simple notion of movies and popcorn. His life is make every evening as "exquisite." And with Lee, you do a lot more than hold hands in the movie—especially if it's a dream scene like the one they went to.

LAUREN RACALL's young daughter is starting on a modeling career, just like Lauren did to go into pictures and finally into ROSE's hair. Lauren's life is going out much better lately, by the way. She and JASON ROBARDS seem to have worked out their differences, which began over his drinking and her career is booming.

WARREN BEATTY has fired four people in the last two months who mentioned REK REED's name in front of him. His next stand is Rek, because of the price is ESQUIRE he did as Warren when, among other things, he quoted a close friend of Warren's as saying Beatty had to have every woman in the world. Warren has changed since those days, and he doesn't want to be reminded of them. One thing that has changed him is his success in "Bonnie and Clyde." The

other thing has been JULIE CHRISTIE. They definitely will not marry, but they may go together for taste some time. Julie knows how to love a man so that he feels secure.

NICK JAGGER was very worried when the doctor told him there might be complications in his mistress MARIANNE FAITHFUL's pregnancy. Nick may not be the marrying kind, but this leader of THE ROLLING STONES is also quite a loyal guy who loves Marianne just as if she were his wife. And she is perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. Both were out of their minds with happiness when Marianne's trouble turned out merely to be a common deficiency, rather than anything wrong with the unborn baby.

There is a big campaign about (and ahead and behind) to stop "Barbarism" from coming to most sophisticated theaters. It may be successful. The reason? Not all the nude scenes in the thing, but the one scene where JANE FONDA is supposed to be undressed. Organs after organs as a pleasure also plays over her beautiful body she played that scene. It was the flower with her finger out of sight and very possibly between her own thighs. It isn't true, we can tell you. We were there for the filming of that scene and it was all an acting job—aloud. The hands weren't what made the difference, though. It was Jane confided in us she thinks of when she plays these kind of scenes.

We hate to bring it up, but we want you to hear it best first. Some readers are complaining that the frequent scenes in the hit TV series "HILL" where sex DIAMANN KILL. KILL rolls around on the couch or in the flower with her finger out of sight, lovingly saying "You're the only man I have" (and sometimes "I'm a woman" or "I'm a girl" or "skin-tight slacks" are to provoke INCEST in the word that they whisper, which is ridiculous. These are probably the same bloated idiots who are in confusion about that DON RICKLES' show where he made passes at a sexy Negro woman. It was all in pass, because Don is a happy married man. He does that every week, and why shouldn't it be? He's a Negro girl one week! Of course, TV is worse than movies. When MARY BELLOP and PETULA CLARK touched hands on a special last summer, all hell broke loose.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR has gone on a diet of all yogurt and sudowood seeds to try and get down to 120 pounds for an upcoming picture. She looked very fat playing

a lesbian with MIA FARROW in "Secret Ceremony." But the truth is that she wants to get her weight back for her career as much as the BURTON, who is kind of an obese guy himself and likes those breasts, little types (dipped by big breasts, of course). He has always complained publicly about her legs being too thick, and she knows that a romance like Richard will be good just so long if she isn't exactly the asset he wants her to be.

RAYE DONAWAY took WARREN BEATTY away from JULIE

CHRISTIE at a Hollywood dance recently, and Julie was crushed. But Raye didn't think twice about it, and as soon as she had a few drinks with the rugged Warren, she dropped him like an old pair of shoes (Raye claims that she wears a pair of shoes only twice, and has 300 pairs in her closets around the world) and went on to FRANK SINATRA. She thought she made great friends with Frank, too, but what you didn't know. Frank thought he was really getting you on for his part.

RITA KENNEDY has put ROB-

BY's old New York apartment up for sale—in the U.N. Plaza—and she's asking \$550,000 more than another one currently up for sale on the same floor. Why the higher price? Nothing—except that Bobby once lived there. And Ethel will get her prize, too! Raye already has a dozen offers—some from Charlie Chaplin, who doesn't get into New York more than once every three years but who was a fast admirer of the KENNEDYS.

And that's it under the skirts of Hollywood for this week!

Diann Carroll

## RACHEL, RACHEL

By  
MARGARET LAURENCE  
(Published by Popular Library  
275 pages—\$6.95  
Reviewed by Clayton Mills)

Sex comes to a lonely schoolteacher in a small prairie town.

Just as you might guess from this capsule of the plot, "Rachel, Rachel" is soap opera stuff. Its preterite style is 35-year-old school-teacher's dating with herself, never lifts it above the confessional magazine level. The only difference from the "sin and suffer" formula is that Rachel's suffering hasn't anything to do with her sin.

Rachel, a 35-year-old unmarried virgin, had the bad fortune to be born in the small community of Mankato, a village with neither a Planned Parenthood Clinic nor a gynecologist.

She and her mother live in a second-story apartment above a funeral parlor. The parlor used to belong to Rachel's father, until the day and when he became a customer himself.

## Lesbian Affair

Rachel's mother has a hard condition that's supposed to send her downstairs any day now. While waiting, she spends her time dreaming up little chores for Rachel that will keep her too busy—and too guilty—to sex.

"Rachel, Rachel" is all about Rachel's "summer of decision." It's favored period of Tennessee Williams and Carson McCullers be-



ried in late. Then come the usual questions. When can she turn to in a small town? Kinky old Dr. Kavan has treated her since childhood. She has the face of an angel. When will people begin noticing? And so on, and so forth.

## Virgin Chore

This is a woman's book, of course, and Warner Brothers-Seven Arts has turned it into a woman's movie—what can be called in the good old days of Dush Nibbel a "handicapped twister." Guaranteeing to pack 'em in—your men and your on and your best girl and your old granny—and bring 'em dry of tears.

To make sure the ladies come in droves, Warners has given "Rachel, Rachel" to Paul Newman for his virgin chore as director. Reports say that the Newman magic is holding, even though he's behind the camera this time. If he's making a worthwhile picture out of this book, he deserves an Oscar for effort. With both plot and press are in fact in the Minnesota prairie, he hasn't had the best raw material to work with.

At the end of the book, Rachel mopes: "Where I'm going, nothing may happen. Nothing may happen. Maybe I'll marry a real, old-aged widower, or a longshoreman, or a cattle-head trimmer, or a harrier or a thief. . . . What will happen? What will happen. . . ."

We leave Rachel with the feeling that, whatever happens, she isn't interested in hearing about it. Anything may happen, but it will be as though nothing has happened.

By Marvin

## BUNION





# THE NATIONAL INSIDER OPEN FORUM

An interchange of ideas between the reader and editor on subjects raised by THE NATIONAL INSIDER's weekly content.

## SICK, SICK, SICK!

It'd like to answer a letter from a M. D. of Brooklyn, Mass., from which that statement and I can also make another statement, "You are quite a sick son."

My wife and I are completely interested also, pertaining to sex, but with each other and no other. If you really love and respect your wife, how could you sit by and watch her make love to someone else and her to watch you.

Love is a bond between two people and what you do together is based on your love, but when you bring in group sex, man, that's not love.

Boys and girls do that, do they love me neither? If your sex life is no good with her, why the need for more? Something is wrong with you when you are proud to show off your wife with.

I've been married 16 years and have four kids and I love my wife more and more each day and if another guy laid a hand on her, I'd break his arm.

This is a pretty sick world when a guy like you thinks the way you do. Something is pretty sick with her too if she allows you to let her act like a common tramp.

Sex and love go together but not to the way you speak. If I were you, I'd head for the nearest doctor and get my head straightened out.

You don't have a marriage, buddy, you have a sex orgy festinated and nothing more. Thank God you are a minority or I'd hate to think of my children growing up.

Mr. T. A.  
Cortney, R. I.

## UNMARRIED AND IN NO HURRY

Will people please get off the backs of girls over 28 who are not yet married! I do with they would leave me alone. My married friends are always saying, "I'll never be able to do it so go out together, but you are not married and it wouldn't be right," or "We'd love to have you play cards with us, but it will be an awkward number."

Why don't these people understand that I wouldn't change my guy for the world. Their husbands always seem to light up when I come into the room, maybe because I still have nice care of my hair, wear modern dresses and keep my figure. Almost all of their husbands make a comment sometime or another like, "Why don't you wear your hair like Cheryl, or dress like Cheryl?" Then, when they have the opportunity to get me alone, they break out with me. . . You have nice clothes, money and modeling, but are lacking the most wonderful thing in the world . . . their cloudy husbands and THEIR SITUATION. And that is exactly what it is too, a situation!

When the right man comes along, I will bend him down the aisle of matrimony, but until then, I will wait walloo to my life of luxury, sexuality and freedom of doing what I please and spending my money as I wish. When we get married, we will be desert with that type of life and be ready for any playing, and release of needful.

Cheryl D.  
Spring Grove, Ill.

## HOW TO KEEP THAT HUSBAND

You may not want to print this because it has been reduce many times, but what I have to say is important.

I have been married for seven years and find that I have to beg my husband to go bowling or play cards with the fellows. Why? Because I make him extremely happy and make him feel like a king at home.

Fortunately, I don't have to work so that enables me to get a clean house at all times, have the children ready for bed at the proper time, and never let him see any hair in rollers.

The other half is keeping him sexually happy. I really get a kick out of women who think that sex brought on by their husband only is enough to keep him happy. Well, yes, they are wrong! I approach my husband on the average of three times a week, not counting the times when the tables are turned.

Nothing is better! I think if a man wants normal sex, DO IT! If he wants little perkiness, DO IT! If he is pleased at home, he will not look elsewhere.

Ladies, don't pretend you have a husband or are too sick to love your husband, after all, they are the greatest! Don't forget to tell him you love him once in a while. It doesn't hurt.

This week, try getting the bed to bed early and have a clean house, be frantically happy and groomed with your hair

the way to like it and approach him sexually while he is watching television and see what happens. Now, just like that, you have a new man. After all, what would you be without him? Please nothing.

S. R. A.  
Oakland, Calif.

## FROM SEX TO RATS

I believe we should have courses in all our high schools and colleges dealing with birth control methods. We should have instructors along with virid and realistic illustrations on screen showing the people how to attain sexual relief by masturbation, oral intercourse and other variations of the natural sex act along with instructions on how to engage in normal sex without impregnating the female. This would be an intelligent approach to the problem of mounting worldwide human over-crowding. If we are too stupid or proud to institute such courses in our public schools, then eventually we will have to adopt more drastic methods such as sterilizing many new born female babies.

How can any intelligent person in his right mind assert that we are here solely to reproduce as many offspring as physically possible and that if or when the world becomes over-crowded, God will find a way to provide for all. Well, He rarely found a way for the rats that multiply uncontrollably. They are either killing and mauling their offspring or getting poisoned or exposed to death in traps or they frantically endeavor to get food for themselves and their young. At least, the poor rats can be spared for their folly. They don't know that the sex they engage in will produce baby rats. But, there is no excuse for us, for we know better.

Since rats are such nuisances and perform no useful purpose on earth, how comes the Great Creator of all life on earth created a pair of rats and their offspring to reproduce thousands of rats of their kind in nine months time, while a pair of humans produce but once in that amount of time?

Joe Zimmerman  
Newkirk, Mass.

## 18 HOUR WORK DAY

Working wives mind! I mean ahead working wives. Maybe some women have husbands who appreciate their efforts, but mine doesn't.

Several months ago my husband got us into debt over our beds. He bought a new car.

I begged him pleased with him not to buy a car. "No!" he said. "I'll be back in 6 months" and was in perfect condition, but he liked the "6" better so he went ahead and bought one.

Our payments went up so high that we couldn't meet them. So he asked me to go to work to help him out. I agreed—what else could I do—he said we'd divorce before he'd sell the car. He pretended he'd help me with the housework and with the care of our 2-year old daughter.

So I got a job and I left my daughter with a perfect stranger. I work all day, pick up my daughter, get her ready to go home. Then my work really starts. The house is in a mess, supper has to be made, and my little girl naturally makes a good state of my attention.

So when's the help I was promised? Sleeping on the couch in front of the T.V. He won't even pick up his own clothes, much less help me with the housework. By the time my daughter and I have done some ironing, it's midnight. I fall into bed only to get up again at 6:00 A.M. and start all over again.

The only time he relieves his hand around the house is to grab my check on payday. I make \$130 a week and only get 22 cents myself.

Wife argued, I've cried, I've begged. All he does is more a little longer. I'm trapped, abused and unprotected. What should I do?

Joan Corney  
Chicago, Ill.

## MEXICAN DISCRIMINATION IS ALL BUNK

In reference to the letter from Mr. Garcia in your Nov. 2, issue, his assertion that a Mexican is discriminated against in the United States is disproven by the many jobs which appear on the casualty lists from Viet Nam. As a soldier with a Spanish (Mexican) name hardly ever appears on the list. Besides, about six million Mexicans which are unemployed have showed themselves off to the United States as immigrants because of our lenient immigration and citizenship laws.

Most of them should be sent back to Mexico as the United States owes Mexico nothing that we should let Mexico abuse millions of their unemployed off on the United States. Mexico never would help as fight a war during the last ten years. Mexico has cost several billions of dollars out of our government. Most of which was so-called "loans" we will never see again. As in 1915 they paid off their foreign creditors at 40 on the dollar. Mexico is spending about a billion dollars on a subway in Mexico City instead of on housing for their unemployed.

The riots in Chicago during the Democratic Convention showed there are hundreds of thousands of native Americans unemployed and they should come first, not the Mexicans.

Mexicans are too different from native Americans to let them set up a country within a country as they are doing in the cities of southwestern United States. They outnumber the natives over 20 to one and multiply like flies.

An American who lives in Mexico has to bring this support money with him. As it is not allowed to take a Mexican's job and laws are enforced upon him. They are not accepted upon the Mexicans.

Every six months he has to leave Mexico to get a new tourist card and can be barred from returning without notice. Mexicans in Mexico should stick officials to run their country that will do more for them instead of showing themselves off on the United States to take native American's jobs.

C. Bessar  
Laredo, Tx.

## YOUR TURN HIPPIE!

Why don't you tell your readers how the Viet Cong kill the civilians? Tell the readers how the Viet Cong break hospitals and schools. You can also tell them about the ruthless way that the Charles tortures the U. S. prisoners of war. Tell them how the Viet Cong steal food from the people of the country to feed their troops.

The United States is my country and I will support her in anything she does until the end. And I think that a lot more people in this country should do the same.

I am in the service and in a couple of months will be going to Southeast Asia. I said here that I'll have a choice to kill at least one of those red bastards.

Why don't you and the rest of you hippies get your heads out of your ass and take a look at the world without the aid of your ass and school. You can also tell them about the place in LA. You also might see that the Viet Cong don't have anything to offer the people of Viet Nam or the rest of the world except a life of living on your knees.

If you don't like the way that the United States conducts herself, then why don't you move to Red China or Russia? Nobody is holding you here, so don't let the door hit you in the ass.

I don't know who said this but I agree with it 100%. My country, may she always be right, but my country right or wrong.

Sincerely,  
A Proud Soldier  
Nance Withland on Request

## SURPRISE FOR DAD!

Every time I see a Playboy "mag" in a bathroom, I wonder . . . even though I know a lot of people have a habit of reading it the juke . . .

I know what it was for, but my parents had different notions . . . their appreciation turned me on the real Playboy.

One night, I was caught peering Playboy magazine to my closet, closed over dreadfully . . . my father wrenched the magazine from me, I guess expecting it to contain accretion-like, in his hands, but it didn't. Rather, the page that had been selected by myself as cause and reason for fantasizing showed a beautiful . . . well-proportioned . . . five-color photo of an Aston Martin.

Tom Ganchea  
Benton, Mass.

Readers: If you are interested in exchanging views with the Editor of the NATIONAL INSIDER, state in your letter addressed to "The Insider Forum," in care of the NATIONAL INSIDER, 2717 N. Paulina Rd, Chicago, IL 60618. All letters must be signed, although names will be withheld upon request.

# Roland Forte's Hot Line

Dear Sir:

I have read of your wonderful work in fighting frauds and helping people. Maybe my problem is too small to bother with as it only involves \$4, but here is my story.

BOOK BARGAINS INC., P. O. Box 4640, Grand Central Station, New York, New York, mailed me some circulars on June 24, 1968. I sent them a check for \$4 on July 22, 1968 for a book called "Husband and Wife Swapping." I waited for the book to arrive, but no word.

I sent them a letter on Aug. 7, 1968 and I received a printed form postcard acknowledgement of my order that said I would receive the book in about 10 days. I have waited the 10 days but have received neither the book nor my \$4 back. I would appreciate it if you could find time to look into this little racket. I am enclosing various papers relating to this case. If you can't help, I hope you will return the papers in the enclosed stamped envelope.

Love, M. M.

No need to send back your papers, because we were able to help you! BOOK BARGAINS sent you the book, "Husband and Wife Swapping" as soon as they received our complaint form.

Dear Sir:

On Sept. 8, 1968, I sent a money order for \$16.95 to GRIF-FITH, P. O. Box 3364, Chester, Pa. 19013.

I was to receive a vibrator with attachments and to date I haven't received the item or heard from them, and I am wondering if he is a faker or what. Would like to hear from you; send your ad in your paper.

Dear Sir:

On Sept. 29, we received a note from Mr. Frank H. Griffith of Chester, Pa., stating the merchandise was mailed to us on Sept. 26, 1968. Glad to be of service!

Dear Sir:

Almost two months ago I placed an order to the AMERICAN HOBBY CENTER, INC., 146 West 22nd Street, New York, N. Y., and approximately three weeks later I received my order in full except for one airplane. There was a paper enclosed stating I would receive my airplane within eight to 16 days. It has been over one month now and I still have not received any word of my airplane.

I wrote them a letter too, but they did not answer. It is more principle than money. I hope you can help me get my airplane back as I had faith in such an upstanding company.

The airplane I didn't receive is called the AMERICAN BOY and only cost \$1.69, but like I said, it's only the principle of the thing.

Dear Sir:

On Sept. 26, I spoke with Mr. Rene of AMERICAN HOBBY CENTER, INC., and he said he would be glad to send you a refund for the airplane you did not receive. Happy flying!

Dear Sir:

Boy, have I been stung! Please don't publish my name as I'm angry enough for having been such a darn fool in the first place!

I answered an ad, well known in all those magazines and in some of the underground papers with the encouragement of some of the girls in the office. We had decided to find out what some of these ads were all about. After submitting \$1 as instructed we got the enclosed literature. Much fun and laughter ensued. As a further lark, we sent in \$25 for two of the darn things to use as shower "shockers." The merchandise has not shown up. It is no longer needed, but the \$25 was a collection from 10 girls and I'm stuck for it.

I've written to GEM PRODUCTS, 8311 Yucca Street, Los Angeles, Calif., 90023, on three occasions and have sent Xerox copies of all correspondence, the ad and my check (enclosed through my bank) but have received no response at all.

Perhaps, you can help. Even if you can't, maybe you can publish this to keep others from getting stung. I would have a hard time going to the Better Business Bureau about this. I may be forward and frank but so are in that forward or frank when it comes to admitting they have been taken, and I'm sure that that is what those mail-order fraud people are counting on.

Publish this if you want to, only don't use my name. Write me as to any other steps I must take. I'll do as you say since I'm inexperienced in this sort of thing. I've learned an expensive lesson and darn it all, I don't think I'd like to see others, like myself who wanted to have a little joke, taken for a fool.

Thank you.  
N. N.

Glad to hear your merchandise arrived this morning, via third class mail.

Let's hope you don't check these people too much at showers with these items! They may decide not to marry.

# Physical Love Is Used As Therapy!

Continued from Page 24

As in the past, she began to feel guilty over the brutal attacks that swept through her body. But, with McCarthy's help, she overcame them. Finally, she had sexual intercourse with the man "without reserve and without guilt feelings."

"The psychosomatic syndrome does not end with the first nail in the hay. Sex relations are repeated scenes after scenes until, finally, the patient is able to find someone other than the psychoanalyst with whom she can have sexual relations."

At first the life of a psychoanalyst may sound like a great idea. All she has to do is handle one at a time. Yet, the drawbacks are enormous — and serious.

First, inexperienced analysts often complain that patients make them insane erotic desires on them that they are just unable to hold up under the pressure. Either they are in a state of continuous sexual fatigue, or they become totally become monotonous to them.

A second problem is that sex, even if it is therapy, is considered — at least subconsciously — if practiced outside of marriage. The

## No Sex Till '70

It's ten minutes to midnight on New Year's Eve, 1968. You and your wife are pandemonium with expectation. You're going to ring out the old and ring in the new like you've never did them before.

You reach out to hug your wife, kissing and fondling her. Magazines, kissing, and fondling are all you've been allowed to do—for a year by law.

Because the government has strictly forbidden any sexual intercourse between man and woman until Jan. 1, 1970.

This is exactly what would happen if India puts into law the proposal of Family Planning Minister, Sripati Chandraacharya.

Chandraacharya wants everyone in the country to abstain from making babies in 1969, to commemorate the 100th birthday of India's George Washington, Mahatma G. Gandhi.

Gandhi gave up sex at the age of 37. He died from an assassin's bullet at the age of 78.

But there is valid reason behind the proposal. Beyond his proposal India's No. 1 freedom fighter, Mahatma Gandhi, is fact.

That's the total population—and it's still growing. India has one of the world's highest birth rates. Average yearly income per person is—about \$200—\$400.

They say you can't live on love alone, but a lot of people in India seem to be trying.

A year of no babies would be a godsend for overcrowded and impoverished India. It doesn't seem to be the case, though, in a nation where The Pill and other birth control devices haven't taken hold.

Abstaining from sexual intercourse is the cheapest and safest method of family planning, says Chandraacharya. But, he recognizes, it is perhaps the most difficult.

He says Mr. Chandraacharya is a political apologist and doesn't have to run for re-election. Even out of a population of five hundred million, a nation plunged in backwardness is just.

result of that is, if word gets around that the analysis is practicing sex therapy, "he will be exposed to criticism, scorn, contempt and slander," McCarthy warns.

In one rare several years ago a Dr. Ernest Jones was actually arrested for practicing sex therapy. While it is not very likely that in this day and age a psychoanalyst will be prosecuted for having sex with his patient, the general public will still condemn him. It will ruin his practice.

But perhaps the biggest danger for the analyst who practices sex therapy is "counter-transference." Not only must the patient fall in love with the analyst, but according to McCarthy, psychoanalysts cannot work unless the analyst also falls in love with the patient.

McCarthy warns that "an emotional relationship with the patient can never be avoided by the analyst."

And if the analyst falls in love with his patient and repeatedly has beautiful sexual relationships with her—what then?

Nonsense, McCarthy claims, answer that question. The doctor marries the patient. Or, if he is already married, he begins an extra-marital affair. Or, he resigns long ago was expelled from his professional organization when word got around that he was having an extra-marital affair with a former patient.

And, as often happens, the psychoanalyst may divorce his wife in order to marry a patient.

Yet, they're occupational hazards which the progressive and efficient psychoanalyst can't sidestep. For according to the hard-shedder, there's a world of truth in the old axiom that "what also comes a good screening?" Psychoanalysts it's the best therapy going in many cases.

And, for them, it's all in a day's work.

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# Both Sides of Love

By HEDY JO STAR

America's first sex change

If you have a problem you'd like Hedy Jo to answer, write to her in care of **Both Sides of Love, National Insider, 2713 N. Paulina Road, Chicago, Illinois 60639.** Letters will be answered only through her column. We regret that personal answers cannot be given nor mail forwarded.

Dear Hedy Jo:

A million thanks for your column, and I'll tell you why. I married a beautiful girl and I thought that sex in marriage should be like a unisex—just a great variety of goodies and the promise of helping yourself to as many varieties as you thought you would like, as much of any one variety as you wanted, and go back for more if you wanted it. My wife thought sex was something to be condoned and participated in as little as possible. And when you did participate she thought her duty was to give a quickie instead of a full-on coitus. So after about a year of these differences in opinion we were divorced.

About eight months after the divorce, I can into her down town and talked myself into a date with her. I had been reading your column and just got the hell of it. I put a NATIONAL INSIDER in my pocket the night of my date and showed her your column and explained that lots of people really enjoyed sex, enjoyed variety, and that quite often a large portion of the satisfaction one derived from a session was derived by making the other person climax. I said I left the paper with your column with her.

Just for the hell of it I subscribed to the NATIONAL INSIDER in her name and stayed away from her for about four months, hoping she would read your column out of curiosity and maybe learn a little something. After about four months, I called her and made another date. We had a pleasant evening and late in the evening I made a pass at her. Her response was much warmer than I had expected, and accordingly, I opened up with a lot of foreplay. Before I hardly knew what the score was, and without any solicitation from me for it, she was performing fellatio on me. I stopped her before climaxing and we finished up the party in the trust honored old-fashioned style.

After several dates and several satisfactory sexual sessions, we reached an understanding. We would remain and try it again. We also agreed that our sex life would be confined to old-fashioned style except during her menstrual periods when, if I desired it, she would perform fellatio. That worked real well for a little over a year and then—and it was her suggestion—we changed the rules and permitted fellatio much more often. As she said, she was beginning to like it "more and more."

It goes without saying that what is mine for the goose is also mine for the power, so for every time she performs fellatio for me I have to give

her a treatment of earplugging, not at the same time but we keep each other up to keep things even.

I know that without your column and your advice and everything, our getting back together and reuniting couldn't have been possible. We are so happy at can be and it looks like we will be for a long, long time. Our most sincere thanks to you.

Thomas R. Indiana

Dear Tom:

Thanks for the kind words. I think most people's problems aren't as tough as they think. If they only stop to think and work them out.

Hedy

Dear Hedy Jo:

My woman and I love your column. We buy every issue of NATIONAL INSIDER. We see



Write to Hedy Jo Star with your personal problems.

42 (her) and 33 (me). Some people say your publication is trash, but we believe it is a public service.

We believe by giving people an outlet to discuss their sex lives (which we all should know is our major drive) you are creating an atmosphere of good mental health. We believe we are helping save the U.S.A. out of the superstition and ignorance and hatred, that harrs our country.

Thanks to people like you, maybe in 25 years the rat house will be empty.

I can assure you younger people all over the country believe in sexual freedom—in other words—anything can go so long as it is by mutual consent, between adults.

The truth of human beings is the best standard in the

~~~~~

Hedy Jo Star's life story—in book form—can be obtained by sending \$5.00 to: Publishers' Promotion Agency, 2713 N. Paulina Rd., Chicago, Illinois 60639. No CDS accepted. Price includes postage and handling.

~~~~~

world, feeling and loving each others' naked bodies is what makes us want to live.

We have learned that people don't fight or argue. Their frustrations are taken out on acts of love. Nakedness brings out the best in folks. For some reason naked people want to take care of each other—walking each other, little things like squeezing out each other's back heads.

In our own case, Jane has a tremendous fascination for huge male penis. She enjoys phallos. We love each other, and I let her do her thing. We have never had an trouble. Well, I've tried to tell it to you like we are at

E. J. Oregon

Dear E. J.:

Thanks for your letter. I print letters like yours to show the readers that people who don't have problems, but who have found a way to live and to love. I think this country is getting better, too, especially through the younger generation. And I agree with you that in 25 years there will be less people in the rat houses. If the sexual revolution keeps on. Keep up the good play! Hedy

Dear Hedy Jo:

I am a youthful 45 years old and want sex every day. My husband is 40 and his work keeps us apart for long periods of time. About five years ago, he saw an exhibition in Europe featuring two girls. This set him on fire, so to speak, and nothing would do but for me to have a girl smooke love to me while he watches. We got a friend and let her do everything. I made my husband very happy.

Now, I've noticed that you don't approve of girls having sex with girls, but for the life of me, I can't see anything wrong with it.

We think you're tops in your profession but think your plan wrong in this case. We're agnostic and amatonous, and other perventions, but we've seen nothing in this but good, close fun that does no one any harm.

Do you really think it's as bad as you say, Hedy?

(Mrs.) A. E. New Jersey

Dear Mrs. A. E.:

Yes, I do. I can see you have a problem with your husband away, but I think even if other men would be better than another woman. Satisfaction is the best, though. It may not satisfy you fully, but maybe you can derive ways to make it better. And when your husband comes home, if you are still somewhat frustrated, all the better!

Hedy

## THROUGH THE STRETCH

by CARSON CARTER

AT NEW YORK

BURSTY TAIL	4 furlongs like lightning
CAREER LADY	Leaves a distance
LAUREL MARK	Will win his share
MIRACLE MAKER	Eye is looking sharp
PERCIE GRAY	Clash to score again
SHANN	Needs at least a mile
RULEDO	In winning form

AT FLORIDA

COUNT ROYAL	The longer the better
HANDSOME COUNT	Usually a factor
KOOKY KID	Solid at a mile
LOVE BANDIT	Could pull an upset
MR. HOOVER	Sore repouter
ROYAL REGENT	Tot for middle distance
ULTRA QUICK	Steady sprinter

AT NEW JERSEY

MAIL TO EAST	Breeding says yes
HAND TO HAND	Improving each race
LA HEREDERA	Always a contender
LAMORNA SUN	Needs a mile or more
MARK'S BOY	Never better
RALLER	Sharp right now
STIRRE	Tot for grass routes

AT MARYLAND

BARON BEDROS	Could surprise
DONALDSON	Sharp at 6 1/2 furlongs
I SWOONED	Clashes to keep winning
JANETTE	In winning form
MADI	Leaves the grass
PONTINIO	Needs a mile or more
SR HICKORY	Fast and fit

SPOT THE CHANGES QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Man is wearing trouser belt. now visible.
2. A bite has been taken from sandwich on plate by his foot.
3. His wife's right hand is now visible.
4. A bigger puff of steam emerges from radiator cap of van.
5. One of its rear door handles has vanished.

## Caption Contest

Your Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



Write a funny caption for this photo.

Mail to CAPTION CONTEST, THE NATIONAL INSIDER, 2713 N. Paulina Road, Chicago, Illinois 60639.

1st Prize \$10.00

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# On Against The Wall... THE "GILDED WALL"

By CHARLES CREEVEY

England has her own George Wallace. His name is Enoch Powell, a member of Parliament from Wolverhampton S.W. He has a lot in common with his counterpart from Alabama.

Powell is highly popular. The London Daily Mail's National Opinion Poll says 55 per cent of Britain's voters think he would be a better leader than Edward Heath, England's Conservative (Tory) Party chief.

That's more support than Wilson had. The most George ever achieved was 23% of the eligible voters.

Like Wallace, Powell started within ear of the Tea Two garden. So far, he's still there. But he has a personal following that's head and shoulders. They go to meetings and cheer when the Londoner speaks. And they're not all Tories.

## Right-Winger

As for Wallace, Powell's a right-wing conservative. But he's not the "little man" not the professional politician who runs the party. Therefore, he supports Britain's basic Social Security programs. He knows that the "little man" would desert him in a hurry, if he didn't.

Powell's major difficulty is Wallace is there's both appealing to him.

Without widespread hatred of dark-skinned people, it both creates, neither Wallace nor Powell would ever have gotten to first watch. They would never have been heard of, beyond the areas where they started.

Wallace is a rabble-rousing demagogue. His cracker barrel provincialism should never appeal to voters other than the white people of the South. But Wallace has appeal—because the whole American society has (and always had) a powerful racist streak.

Powell is an educated upper-class man, a professional and a smooth politician. He appeals to the pride of the old-time Britisher—who doesn't want to face the fact

that his nation is now a second class power.

He also appeals to the workers who are afraid of "colored immigrants" taking their jobs.

England's supposed "race problem" is tiny compared with America's. Less than 3 per cent of Britain's population is colored (West Indian or African black people, Indians, Pakistanis).

But the pattern is similar. Discrimination in jobs and housing is a fact of life—in a spite of Britain's 1961 Race Relations Act. Colored immigrants by and large, get the most menial jobs that they seem most threatening to the most unstable class of white English workers.

There was bad feeling against the immigrants for several years. Then, the government passed laws that made immigration more difficult from "colored" former British colonies.

Now, with Powell, English racism has found a focus.

British people, and especially the British press, have ridiculed American race wars because of its racism. But England too has a violent tradition of racism and of Powell's brand of right-wing politics.

It all started with Britain's colonization. In the 1700s and 1800s, British men carved out colonies all over the world. They conquered and imposed dark-skinned people of many races and cultures, for the glory of Great Britain.

The upper-class Englishmen who ruled the colonies—and England itself—had contempt for everyone but their own colonies. Indians, Pakistanis, and other upper-class Englishmen were supposed to be "niggers"—a word heard still today in the slanders, used to govern themselves.

The English parasites leached the natural resources from their conquered colonies. They sold the people as a cheap source of labor, and as a market for British products. Any rebellion was put down by the British troops—who often were "colored" men who sold out to their English masters.

Then came World War II. In 1940, England was in desperate straits. Her days of imperial glory were gone. She could no longer afford an empire, and she had selected a socialist Labour government.

## "Get Out" Laws

But, even though England's colonies were breaking away, she was still the most important of the superpowers. Colonial peoples seeking better opportunities moved to England—even as Englishmen were emigrating to Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, for the same reason.

Finally, the English passed laws restricting immigration designed to keep out non-white col-



onials, but even these racist-minded laws weren't enough for Powell's followers. Powell has stated that he'd like to see "repatriation and resettlement" grants to immigrants, to induce them to get out of Britain.

In spite of his apocalyptic manuscripts, Powell has a lot of popularity among many British workers. This is based on the old belief of Englishmen losing their jobs to non-whites.

Powell also plays up to working-class Britons by promising to cut income tax in half, without cutting social security benefits.

The regular members of Powell's Conservative Party are trying to fight back. Conservative leader Edward Heath was charged at a big meeting recently when he asked his party to avoid racism.

But it was Heath himself who called for a "hard line" on immigration, with a five-point "good conduct rule" before a non-white man can become a citizen.

Conservative Queensie Hogg—who would be Home Secretary if his party came to power—told the meeting, "Don't be an extremist." But then he announced the new racist official Tory policy on immigration.

The plan is similar to America's notorious anti-McCarthy Immigration Act. The U.S. has used a quota system to discriminate not only against black, Asian, and Latin Americans, but even against people from Eastern and Southern Europe.

## Lily-Whites

Under the Tory scheme, most immigrants in Britain would have to come from the "lily-white" nations of Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

This is similar to the Republic of South Africa's policy in this country adopting the White Paper of "Law and Order"—in other words, keeping "them" in their "place."

In this way a pro-white-fascist Wallace or Powell can stump old, established, but tired, party into adopting an extreme right-wing stance.

The London Daily Mirror at-

ed, "Powell is a sophisticated speaker who makes his arguments for the gift of insight. His speech of 'wide-grown' pessimism, and of threats to our nation built on the change-over."

## British Hitlerite

That's not the kind of accolade "rainmaker" is an overestimate of the far right. Wallace's brand of "Americanism" is southern. So was Hitler's "Germanism" and "Blood and Soil" and "Mein Kampf."

This idea of a "super-race," unopposed by supposed inferior races, is familiar in England, too. It was preached before World War II by Sir Oswald Mosley, the leading leader of the British Union of Fascists.

Mosley ran his group along the lines of his beloved brother Fascist in Berlin. He hanged his followers, paraded them around in Nazi uniforms—and collected money from some of his country's wealthiest and most conservative citizens.

The very British government of the time was tolerant of Mosley—perhaps because they, too, were plagued before with the Fascists at that time. But when Hitler attacked Poland, Mosley was jailed for the duration of the war.

## Attacks Jews

Today, Mosley's neo-fascism and anti-Semitism is out of fashion. But the major points of his program still have their appeal to Englishmen.

Mosley wanted strong English control of the Empire, with British influence around the world. Today, Britain is planning to end her military occupation in the Far East—and some old-fashioned racist is

Mosley preached Jewish racial supremacy. His men even marched into Jewish synagogues in London to burn bibles—and met with a sound thrashing every time. But—though the target may have shifted to the "colored" residents of Britain—racism is still racist.

Hitler and Mosley came to power at a time of world depression. Why should Powell and Wal-

lace have as many followers during a time of prosperity?

One reason is frustration. American working people are frustrated by a world war they never wanted which can't be won; yet their traditional obedience tells them they have to support it. They feel threatened by an impending revelation of their internal color—America's black people.

British working people are frustrated, too. They feel they haven't gained enough, though they're now Labor Party. They want today's Government restrictions limit their spending, and each of the island of Scotland, Wales, North and South East England is a depressed area, like our Appalachians.

Both of these "democratic" countries have very strong racist traditions, deeply ingrained into the fabric of their societies. Both of these, still very recently, have been accustomed to acting the part of the master, and treating dark-skinned peoples as colon-

This is no longer possible. Professional politicians—Republicans, Democrats, Tory and Labor—know it so. They would like people like Wallace and Powell to "cool it" so that they—the party men—can keep running things, doing and after the change-over.

Neither Wallace nor Powell command majorities. But their popularity shows that a lot of people are ready to reject the old parties, and attach themselves to a strong personality who promises to change the status quo.

There was a Hitler in 1932... less than a 50 per cent majority. It can happen again—in England and America—tomorrow.

## Hair 'Grower' In Trouble!

Jack Ginsburg had a real hairy thing going for himself. He was in trouble because he was a hair grower in a world of bald heads.

Nothing new about that. Maybe it was his decision that made people come to him—San Francisco, hometown of the long-haired hippie. A lot of hippies probably figured it out. It can't be proven. In fact, it can't be proven.

Things were changing right along with the California State Assembly's decision to ban the hair division yarded his hair. San Francisco superior court.

"As a result," Ginsburg's firm, which was in trouble to carry a license for cosmetology and physical therapy.

"Given new hair—even on male patients' heads," was the way Ginsburg advertised.

A bald-head fan, said the crowd controller. Can't be done.

It was in a hair salon, Ginsburg, "I've got letters from people who were delighted with our treatment."

And I'm a member of the Better Business Bureau.

It's true that I'm not a cosmetologist, but I've got a barber's license. That makes me in work on people's hair.

Ginsburg had better give good lawyers. The suits is asking for a hair cut and a new piece of hair advice.

If he can't prove he makes hair grow, he'll have to leave.

## INSIDERS



"I don't win - I'm a Socialist as well."

by MIKE MULLOZ

(Due to the controversial nature of this column we realize there are opposing opinions. THE NATIONAL INSIDER does not necessarily endorse Mr. Creevey's views.)



# Goat Carra Sexless!

By V. R. CARLTON

We've written before that Barbra Streisand owns one of the best bodies in show business.

Barb has a bust that would stand up with the best of them, Raquel Welch included.

Barbs has a pair of legs that are long and beautiful, tapering just right at the calf and ankle, growing very fleshy and full at the thigh.

Barbs has a face that a lot of people might not think is prettier than Greta Garbo's or Marilyn Monroe's, but which has come to be more attractive than any star's in show business because of what Barbra is—girls—and a number of stars, late today—are even having their noses fixed to look like Barbra's.

And when Streisand sings in one of her sweeter songs, she is the picture of utter femininity.

Or when she acts, as she did in "Funny Girl" and "Hello, Dolly."

## Captures Sharif

She is so much a woman at these moments that even one of the most experienced and sophisticated of Hollywood levers, Omar Sharif, was captivated by her and was willing to do anything to get her.

Nor was Sharif the only one. When Barbra first came to Hollywood, every wall in town was trying to get into her pants.

And every big star, too. A lot of names you'd recognize, but we won't mention them because Barbra didn't give them a trouble. She was fairly happily married and didn't want to... screw up the works.

But that didn't stop all the guys who saw that there was a luscious piece of young femininity, who could also hold their crotches a million per cent. And it didn't stop the girls who like girls, either.

Barbs is the kind of woman who is so magnetic, both physically and in her talent, that she seems to attract women, as well as men. One of the top lesbians in town started writing her love notes the minute she hit town.

Barbra is straight, of course, and didn't return the notes.

Or anything else that was thrown at her in the way of passes.

Though for a couple of minutes one evening, it looked like it might be true... and I mean truly... and go between her and Omar Sharif.

But she even got out of that with her virtue preserved. That didn't stop Omar, though.

Like we said, physically and in terms of her talent, Streisand is quite a girl.

But what about psychologically?

What about what goes on inside a woman's head that really gives her that air of femininity that makes a fishbaited Andrew Barbra one of the sexiest things around, and can result in a disappearing career for Brigitte Bardot?

## No Tender Morsel

In the beginning, it was obvious that Barb wasn't the most gentle or tender girl in town.

She'd slap her leg to make a point, and quite often she'd make that point by using a few letter word. She'd come off as too ladylike even then, but she did seem very female.

Screen seems to have hardened her, however, rather than softening the inside to resemble the soft and luscious outside.

The screening is still there. But there's a lot more that goes with it.

First, the way she dresses. It just isn't too feminine. Again, she knows enough to wear silky sheer things when she's posing for camera, but off camera she doesn't seem to be the same person.

She dips skirts and blouses that make her seem more like a waitress than one of the top two female stars in the business.

Clothes are only part of it. Barbra doesn't take pains to look beautiful off camera in the even better essential. Where, presumably, she'll spend hours having someone do her hair, she won't spend five minutes some days to put on her makeup or take a bath.

Not that we're saying Barbra Streisand smells or looks crusty.

But Jane Fonda she isn't.



Barbra Streisand

## Needs Makeup

Even though she's sexy, she doesn't have the greatest complexion in the world, and needs a lot of makeup to keep that beautiful image. And even the great special stage makeup that everyone else has. But that we're saying she has it. But the greatest and most feminine female stars never even used to have that wet ring under their arms.

There's more, much more. The whole way she takes over from each old style and on may be the biggest part of it. It's a masculine trait, more than a feminine one. Most big female stars let the guys take over when the camera's not whirling. Marilyn Monroe was notable for that.

Why is Barbra losing her femininity more and more with each passing day?

Because underneath, she's lesbian.

She's had the biggest success of any kid in her 20's in the world, and she isn't quite up to it. Like Marilyn Monroe, it's too much pressure to seem to live up to the image she projects in her singing and her acting.

So she lets off the strain completely and acts almost opposite.

The result is that one of the big gest performers in the business on the screen isn't feminine off stage!

# Insider DISCOVERIES

By JOE LEBLON

Just listen, men, what Bo Carter says for you to do.

Say, don't get lost none of these trifling women, Max, ever leaving you.

—BO CARTER'S ADVICE

★ ★ ★

When hard times come, a poor man has just three pleasures — wine, women, and song. The songs of Bo Carter were all about wine and women.

Bo Carter's singing came out on records that sold for 35 cents during the worst part of the Depression. They were played as jukeboxes and wind-up phonographs by black people who were too poor to buy radios.

Who may your manager be?

For many more little questions

Won't you please make arrangements for us?

—BO CARTER'S ADVICE

Bo's records were about the things he and his audience knew best—illicit prohibition liquor, casual love affairs, and poverty. They were quickly worn out, discarded, and forgotten.

Now, Yano Records Inc., has reissued 14 of Bo's records on an LP entitled BO CARTER'S GREATEST HITS, 1935-1940. If you like blues, here is the real thing—as direct, as earthy as the best born out of the Mississippi state.

Bo's, don't put me no more leaving

poor

In your bread, you see,

Because your two buns is plenty

to tell enough for me.

Baby, I don't want no more sugar

in your jellyroll, you see.

Cause your jellyroll is plenty

sweet enough for me.

Some men like lunchmeat.

And some, they like soulless.

Some don't care for biscuits.

They like a doggone big fat bun.

You can get an idea of Bo's output by glancing at some of his titles: TELLIN' YOU 'BOUT IT, SALT TAX ON IT, YOUR BUN-CUTS ARE BIG ENOUGH FOR ME, COUNTRY BOY, BEANS, THE INS AND OUTS OF MY GIRL. There is plenty of material that you would call "rings," if it weren't so direct.

Bo Carter specialized in "goodtime music." His real name was Bo Chatman and he was from near Jackson, Miss. With brothers and friends, he formed a group called the Mississippi Sheiks, featuring fiddle, guitar, mandolin, and string.

I don't want no more very beans,

Baby, I don't want no more.

I don't want no more many beans,

They're best to make my stomach

lean.

I ate them last night and the

night before.

But to the little house in the

backyard.

And shut the door...

The Sheiks were like many other "lark bands" from Mississippi and Louisiana, both black and white. They played a little bit of everything. But the songs people usually called for, in the rough road houses, usually tended to be a little off-color. Bo and the Sheiks recorded many of these songs.

I'm on leaving

As a woman can tell.

The stuff I've got will cost you

A dollar and three.

There's a sales tax on it

Everywhere you go...

Bo played a big steel-bodied National guitar. This instrument had two advantages for men who sang in noisy bars. The heavy tone carried a long way—and the metal body could knock a man dead if he came at you.

A lot of time has passed since Bo made those records. Rumors say he died in poverty at Memphis in 1965. This long-playing record is a fitting memorial.

Bo Carter's songs will ring true as ever as long as these things are with us—liquor, women, and poverty.

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# Raquel Welch-Jim Brown Feud

By V. R. CARLTON

Everyone's still talking about it. Especially Jim Brown, himself.

He talks about it at bars. He talks about it at interviews, he talks about it on dates with other girls.

"The trouble is that he doesn't really tell both sides of it. The side he tells is partly fiction."

For if Jim and everyone else are talking about his feud with Raquel, almost no one knows the truth about it.

We do, and we're going to tell you.

First, let's get the background straight.

## More Than Marilyn

Raquel is the new symbol in Hollywood and around the world. She has a body that even Marilyn Monroe never had. Her breasts are bigger and more erect. Her legs are longer and thinner. Her face is more feminine. And she's a helluva lot smarter and better actress—which means she knows how to protect her sex better.

As for Jim, he is the new sex symbol for the male. Though he has a way to go before he becomes more popular than Paul Newman, Steve Connor and Duke Warrner, he's the most popular with the new generation which wants a virile, outspoken, rough Negro model for its hero.

Brown is a big, tough, sexy guy whose comes—from his sex football days to the alleged girls who love to watch him do his "making love"—is right in line with what is happening and where it's at in contemporary America.

Brown has played in "Dark of The Sun" with a blonde script, Yvonne Monnery, and recently gotten



Raquel Welch

her hands working when she looked at him. But the producers of that picture had been careful to keep any sexual contact between the two off camera rather than on.

It was no rocky, too volatile, to put a virile Negro like this next

to an American sex symbol, they figured.

But the people who made "300 Rifles" figured differently. They not only wanted to put the two of them next to an American sex symbol, but to put against-upright light against—the all-time American sex symbol.

Raquel (40-38-80) Welch.

And that's where things ended up once their two supermodels got together. Uplight!

Everyone was waiting for Jim's arrival on the set in Spain. Especially Raquel.

Narr, she's married. But that doesn't stop her from dating other male stars "for publicity." That doesn't stop her from letting them dance right up against her torso, rubbing body or something, even kissing her "for publicity."

Most of all, it doesn't stop her from getting all the looks she can in her love scene on the set of movies. The male stars who have played opposite Raquel all say she is the hottest thing they ever held.

## Gives It All

"She plays a love scene like it's for real and she only has five minutes to live," one actor said.

Jim Brown was looking forward to this. He had known a lot of women, but never one who looked quite like Raquel Welch. If she wanted to let around with him in front of the cameras—no even in rehearsal—he wouldn't refuse. Let her say it was all for the sake of art. As long as he got his feels. But Jim didn't get any feels. Because, unfortunately, before he and Raquel could get up and on the screen, they had to talk off screen. And that didn't go well.

Raquel thought she could break the ice by making a couple of nice jokes. They weren't meant to offend, but merely to break the ice. They would have, with almost any one but Jim Brown.

But Jim didn't like the jokes. Especially jokes about his race.

And especially from women. Jim, you see, honestly thinks that he is the only Negro he's ever heard. He didn't mind dealing with Raquel on an actor-actor basis, or on a male-male basis.



Jim Brown

But what did he know about what he'd gone through and what his race had gone through all these years?

It's a way he was right. But she was only trying her best.

It wasn't good enough for old upright Jim.

He laid her where to go.

She was shocked and angered.

And the movie was one of the roughest ones to make that Hollywood has ever known.

Because each day Raquel and Jim refused to talk to each other off the camera even while they were playing the closest of "lovers" on camera.

When it was all over, both said good night. Raquel was still bitter on hell at Jim. And Jim said he wouldn't acknowledge with her if she were the last woman on earth.

He's been telling people that Raquel was told to get him.

Maybe she was. But not quite in the way he thought.

# Let Girls Run Boys And Vice Versa

By

THEODORE J. GROSHIEK

A few years ago a man was not feeling well and made an appointment with a local masseur. A masseuse is a woman who performs the giving of massage to the body. Her counterpart is a masseur, a man who does the same.

The man, who went to the masseuse chose her instead of a masseur because he had a delicate back condition and needed the delicate touch of a woman on his muscles.

But there could have been a number of other valid reasons why he wanted a woman instead of a man. For one thing, she could have been the only person available at the time who was experienced in this kind of physical therapy.

Or he could have had a feeling that letting a person of his own sex put his hands on the areas most places of his body had some kind of homosexual overtones. It doesn't, of course, but many men feel this—just as many women feel that there is a message from a man because of the Lesbian overtones of having their body manipulated by one of their own sex.

This is not a case of right or wrong, but of personal taste. Some

people simply cannot abide a person of the same sex touching them even casually, let alone more intimately while they are made up on a table or out.

But what happened when this man went for so simple a thing as a medical massage will shock you.

He went in to the masseuse's house, removed his clothes, and lay upon the soft striped table awaiting his massage.

The masseuse first placed a number of hot towels on various parts of his back to relax him and bring the blood to the surface.

## Police Bawl In

And then, as she began to place her hands upon his body, the police burst in and arrested both of them.

What's more, when the case came to court, both the man and the masseuse were convicted of the crime for which they had been arrested. The masseuse was given a jail sentence, and the customer a fine and probation.

Ridiculous?

Yes, it is. But it is also true. Just as it is true that many these men have been arrested for giving medical massages to women on a number of states in this country.

Other important areas of the medical massage.

Now, massage may not seem much to most people at first thought, but it can often be very important. The correct manipulation of the muscles of the body, and the relaxation of the nerves, especially in nervous or back troubles, has often been able to get the patient "over the hump" just enough to avoid more drastic measures such as surgery. I am not talking about chiropractic here, but simple medical therapeutic massage.

Yet massage has long been looked upon as an evil thing by those who are ignorant. And unfortunately, because of accidental prohibition, many who misuse this art (just as there are doctors who also misuse their art), had his been added to the list.

In California two years ago, for example, an attractive masseuse in her 30's was convicted of using massage as a means by which to seduce men. Four men testified in court that she had performed this on them during what she told them was "the ordinary course" of the massage.

By the same token, a number of saunas have advised innocent young girls and made improper advances against women in general using the mask of the medical massage. Because of the superior strength of the man and the con-

sciousing positions which a masseur can get a woman into while he is manipulating her, a female may find it hard to escape doing what he wishes even she is made up on his table.

## Lesson Taboos

Fortunately, the taboos against medical massage—as well as against sex in general—are lessening. Recently, in fact, the North Carolina Supreme Court struck down an ordinance of one of its largest cities, Charlotte, which prohibited massages to be given to

men or women by members of the opposite sex.

The law, unlike the one in many other states of the union, was not an old one, but a recently passed statute which police had asked for, in the hopes of stopping prostitution in their city.

There are still a number of other places which have such laws on their books, and these laws are frequently upheld.

Of late, with the North Carolina decision a precedent may exist about where all laws concerning medical massage will be struck off the books.

# SAINT KARL MARX?

Saint Peter, Saint Paul, Saints Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

And now — Saint Karl Marx?

It may be next. A San Francisco church has taken the first step towards celebrating the theological birthday of international communism.

Some New Leftist radical, you ask? A frank repulse!

Not on your reason either! Saint Karl's bloodier brother was celebrated by more other than said Saint Alden's parish in conservative Diamond Heights.

No less than former Episcopal Bishop of California James A.

Pike participated in the worship services and panel discussion.

Rev. Mr. Robert W. Casney, vicar of St. Alden's, called Marx "one of God's prophets."

"Somehow, we must see God's actions and spirit moving in and through this man and his ideas."

Of Marx, who called religion "the opiate of the people," Bishop Pike said that the differences between his philosophy and Christianity were "virtually unbridgeable."

St. Alden's received only two telephone calls concerning about the services, and "nothing was discussed or threatened," according to the church.



# The National Observer

VOLUME 13, NUMBER 25—DECEMBER 15, 1968

## Sex in The Doctor's Office

# Physician's Role Is Sex As a Mechanism

By ROLAND FORTE

The consultation room is neatly furnished and dimly lit. Unlike the rest of the doctor's office, it could easily be mistaken for a private study. The young, attractive woman on the sofa could be his wife.

She isn't!

The physician rises from his desk, and looking deeply into the woman's face, says, "The diagnosis is a simple and very common one. You are suffering from an unrelieved sexual tension. Plans and simple, you are actually unfulfilled. It is affecting you both physically and mentally."

### Love On The Couch

The physician was used to the patient on the sofa and bed, reclining her neck and shoulders. After a few minutes his hands slip to her shoulders and he unclips the dress. Later—the timing is professional and depends on the patient's readiness—the last is also removed.

The patient is trembling in an agitation. She may never have experienced sex before—but she knows that in a matter of minutes the doctor will be her lover on that couch.

Sound like a scene from "Psycho Play"?

Conrad Van Ende Boos, writing in the "Journal of Sex Research" (Volume 2, No. 2), says that "Such relationships are more frequent than we are inclined to believe!"

Not that sex relations between physicians and their patients are often made public. From ancient times the idea was taboo. Hippocrates, Father of Medicine, wrote in his famous oath—taken by all doctors even to this day: "... Every house I shall only enter for the sake of my patient's well-being, refraining from every oral or genital harm and all seduction, especially from love relationships with women or with men, be they free or bonded."

Says Van Ende Boos, "Anyone who wishes to penetrate this unexplored field must rely on casual, personal observations."

And he does!

Especially vulnerable, says the psychoanalyst, are gynecologists—doctors who specialize in treating diseases peculiar to women.

Obviously, those diseases often have to do with the sex organs. Second as Van Ende Boos's list, before it or not, are detests, followed by family doctors.

### Transference

Referring to "a certain percentage of physicians," Van Ende Boos said there are those physicians that "allow based at their predominant concepts and tend neither here nor there."

But that kind of physician is rare—if he no other reason than that he jeopardizes his reputation and also his practice every time he makes a sexual advance toward a patient. For most frequent is the sexual relationship that springs from a genuine love.

In psychoanalysis, especially, there is a very good chance that therapy will end up in a passionate sex union. Van Ende Boos says that the "young psychoanalyst just launched on his career is an easy and rather willing prey..."

It's easy to see why!

Starting with Freud in 1904, psychoanalysts have always stressed the importance of "transference" and "counter-transference." These fancy words make a pretty simple idea sound complex. Actually, transference is simply having an emotional feeling and reacting that feeling toward another person. If a patient decides she hates her analyst, that is an example of her transference. The same is true of love.

When a psychoanalyst returns the feeling, he is "counter-transference."

Now, virtually every psychoanalyst agrees that transference and counter-transference must take place if psychotherapy is to work. Freud, who first talked about transference of the emotion of love, tried to separate it from romantic love. But Freud decided at last that the separation was impossible!

At last the brilliant psychoanalyst was forced to admit that "sex has no right to dispute the greatest love which makes its appearance in the course of analytic treatment." He was saying, in effect, that sexual love was likely to develop between a patient and her analyst—and it ought not to be condemned.

### All The Way

Van Ende Boos says, "Even in a psychoanalytical situation why shouldn't the emotional relationship between doctor and patient develop from unresolvable transference and counter-transference to something 'real'?" The purpose of the whole thing in the first place is to help the patient to find transference and sexual, healthy sexuality—"real love." The doctor's goal is to get the woman who is his patient to love him.

But that's not all! In many cases, the object is to get the patient all the way to the bedroom—strictly for medical reasons, of course!

In 1963 Dr. M. Ross wrote in his book "Psychoanalysis and Disordered Sexuality" that, in successful analysis, the female patient begins to love the male analyst as soon as she becomes aware that she has found someone for the first time in her life who really understands her and accepts her even though she is neurotic. Ross makes it plain that the analyst must decide to bring the patient to the place where she will express her needs to be loved—sexually and otherwise—in a physical way.

"Every psychiatrist has seen the need of some patients to show affection physically," Dr. James L. McCartney told the sixth international congress on psychoanalysis in London, England, in 1964.

He said that "in 48 years of analytic practice I have found that in 20 percent require some overt expression."

Over expression, McCartney means that the women had to physically express their sexual interest in the analyst.

Said McCartney, "These patients don't only want to think or talk about their relationship to the analyst, but also want to experience the newly discovered power. Acting in the language of their emotions, as expressed by the body."

### Fondles The Organs

In short, the patient falls in love with the analyst and wants to show it with her body. And of course that's exactly what she is encouraged to do!

In some cases, she merely sits at his side and holds his hand. Sometimes she kisses him pas-

sionately. Or, she may strip his trousers and fondle his sex organs. And it may go much much further.

The psychoanalyst will undoubtedly become almost physically aware of the pleasure his patient is bringing him. But if the patient comes to the point where she is willing to explore his body, he is also elated professionally. For the patient has overcome an incredibly large hurdle.

A great majority of psychological "hangups" occur, according to most psychoanalysts, because of sexual guilt and frustration.

When the patient begins to explore the analyst's body, she is usually doing what has always been dirty and prohibited. Her parents, the church and her own conscience have forbidden sex play all her life.

As a result, she thoroughly repressed sexual feelings and acts. The repression led to the psychological problem that drove her to seek help from a psychoanalyst. Over the patient makes sexual advances toward her analyst (technically known as "physically acting-out"), she is a long way toward breaking well.

Using this same idea, one doctor lectures his patients on how to look, act and behave sexy. Another physician had a patient who was so sexually inhibited that she could not obtain an orgasm. The doctor masturbated her with his hand until she climaxed. This proof that she could respond as any other woman was sufficient to cure her.

### Guilt Feelings

One of the best known advocates of sexual intercourse as therapy is Dr. Wilhelm Reich, one of the world's greatest psychoanalysts. He defined the goal of analysis very simply—to recognize sexual feelings and urges, and to express them. The ultimate goal of a psychoanalyst's work with his patients, according to Reich, "guilt expression." To the husband, that means sex!

According to students of Reich, he required every patient of his to take off all of their clothes and do what comes naturally. In some cases where the patients were extremely shy, he carried them and even masturbated them until they climaxed.

"Patients who fail to go through

such overt immorality of a great deal of character do not succeed in fully establishing a genuine intimacy," said Reich. He meant that these people were not able to give sex the major place in their lives that it has in the lives of normal people. Reich said this failure was because the patients still continued to repress their sexual urges, or else they continued to have guilt feelings.

Dr. McCartney, referred to earlier, is one of the most eloquent advocates of sex therapy. He has practiced it for the last 20 years. He has had close to 800 female patients during that time. He said that "100 percent expressed some form of overt transference, such as sitting on the analyst's lap, holding his hand, hugging him, kissing him."

And he adds, "About 10 percent found it necessary to act out extremely, such as sexual advances, explicit manipulation or coitus."

### Lustful Feelings

A typical case McCartney describes is that of a very depressed 25-year-old woman. Her major problem, says McCartney, is that she is unable to feel that it was unacceptably small to have lustful feelings.

At a preliminary session, the analyst explained that the patient was forbidden to tell anyone else the conversation or actions that took place during analytical sessions. The girl was also told that she was to do anything she wished to do during the analytical sessions.

As tactfully as possible, the analyst told the girl, "You must grow up in your attitudes toward sex." In order to get well, she must accept sex relations as enjoyable and healthy.

According to McCartney, if therapy is successful, "The patient will have fallen in love with the analyst and will become completely dependent on him." The patient is thus encouraged to do anything she wishes in order to help her get to like sex.

It was well over a year before the girl felt prepared to do what she sex directly. Then, she asked McCartney to sit next to her. At that moment she asked him to expose his genitals to her, and she answered before him.

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